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VOL. LXXVIII—NO. 2032. THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1904. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

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Publication Office, 208 Broadway.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1904.

The Week.

The breaking of the long deadlock in Illinois came about in the way best for the State, and for the Republican party therein, although the smashing of two machines was involved. Gov. Yates had an organization outside of Cook County, on a basis so low and mercenary that probably nothing but the Lorimer machine in Chicago could be more contemptible. Over both of them Mr. Deneen has won his way to the nomination for Governor. He is well spoken of by the best men in Chicago, having been an able and fearless prosecuting attorney. That, of course, was enough to secure him the hatred of the Republican machine in that city; and it was very likely because he was so offensive, being honest, to Boss Lorimer that Gov. Yates, having found that he could not possibly succeed himself, threw his strength to Deneen so as to humiliate as deeply as might be the Chicago machine. It was to that abhorrent organization that President Roosevelt surrendered in appointing the notorious "Doc" Jameson naval officer. The act seriously impaired his popularity in Illinois. But the nomination of Mr. Deneen probably makes the State Republican. To meet it, the Democrats will have to drop all their Hearst nonsense, and put forward a man for whom respectable citizens can vote.

Georgia Democrats have put an end to the talk that the Parker boom is sagging in the South. If there were any slack in the boom—to mix the metaphor—it was taken up with a jerk by the resolutions of the convention on June first. The proceedings are but further evidence that Judge Parker is the choice of the majority of sane Democrats in the whole country; and although the heart of Nebraska seems true to Bryan, nevertheless the Hearst and Bryan combination, with the whole following from the cave of Adullam, will be in a hopeless minority. Under these circumstances the position of Tammany under Charles F. Murphy is more difficult and dangerous than before. The Democrats of New York city who are not under Murphy's thumb are more serious than ever in pressing the question, "What does he want?" He is beaten in the State at large, and is crowded out of Brooklyn. What interest of the party is he trying to serve? Is he fighting for anything except the maintenance of his personal leadership of a faction in Manhattan?

"Mr. Hearst *now* feels that the delegates from Missouri should be *permitted* to vote for the man whom they regard as the best candidate." This is the authoritative announcement that the bad joke of the Hearst boom is at an end. It means that no more money is to be forthcoming, and with Hearst it has always been a case of no money, no delegates. An English newspaper states his campaign expenses to date at $1,500,000. The money might as well have been thrown into a sewer—in fact, most of it was. But note the unconscious self-betrayal of the statement that Missouri is abandoned. Hearst had planned to buy that State, but now concludes to allow unpurchased delegates to be chosen. The implication is clear that no one could be expected to vote for him without getting thirty pieces of silver. That, however, is all in the past. Those bygones the country will drop in a great sense of relief at Hearst's taking himself out of the field. He never was cut out for politics. His true mission was always the exploitation of crime; and the zest with which his newspapers are now returning to that congenial task shows that they consider his political dream to be over. A dream to him, to decent Democrats a nightmare.

Commissioner McFarland was almost ludicrous, at the Lake Mohonk Arbitration Conference on Thursday, in urging the election of President Roosevelt as the best way to expedite arbitration treaties. What we really want to know is, not whether Mr. Roosevelt believes in arbitration, but whether he believes in peace. Mr. Smalley, who does his best to be the President's apologist, cables to the London *Times*, apropos of the Cuban letter: "It explains why so many Republicans are alarmed when they ask themselves what Mr. Roosevelt may do if he is elected for four years." Mr. John Sharp Williams, writing to the *World*, is willing to admit that the President may have meant nothing by the blustering verbiage of this warning to the Spanish-American republics. But that is only another way of saying that, temperamentally, Mr. Roosevelt cannot repress the 'Ercles vein, and is the enemy of the world's peace perhaps without intending to be. Possibly he did not mean that the United States would feel justified in intervening because of the insolvency or weakness of a nation, but his letter to ex-Secretary Root, of which we reprint a portion since its terms have been questioned, means that, or means nothing:

"Any country whose people conduct themselves well can count upon our hearty friendliness. If a nation shows that it knows how to act with decency in industrial and political matters, if it keeps order and pays its obligations, then it need fear no interference from the United States. Brutal wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may finally require intervention by some civilized nation, and in the Western Hemisphere the United States cannot ignore this duty."

Only a grateful officeholder could seriously advocate the election of the man who uttered these words of mingled platitude and menace on the ground that it would hasten the day when methods of violent intervention shall give way to universal arbitration.

Ante-mortem declarations have peculiar force in law, and should have in politics. Hence the dying message of Senator Quay, that "stanch and loyal friend" of the President's, ought to have great weight with Mr. Roosevelt. The expiring statesman warned him against making Cortelyou National Chairman. It was going to be a difficult campaign. Conditions were adverse, and might become more so before the election. Secretary Cortelyou was not the man for the job. A great deal of money would have to be corruptly raised and spent in the ways so effective in Quay's hands in 1888, and a more callous Chairman than Cortelyou was imperatively needed. This deathbed advice of an expert can scarcely go unheeded. Of course, the President has announced his choice of Mr. Cortelyou, and has "put his foot down" to the protesting Senators. But a foot put down can be lifted again. Already there are signs that the President is not going to be too obstinate in this matter. It is intimated that Cortelyou may be dropped for H. S. New of Indiana. Some might think the omen one to be averted. Mr. New's father was Harrison's right-hand man in 1892. In that year a Republican President failed of reëlection. But the main thing is, to give effect to the last political will and testament of the Pennsylvania sage and saint.

It is not often that the friends of protection have an opportunity like the present to show the stuff they are made of. The Panama Canal Commission is anxious to construct the waterway as cheaply as possible, and is clamoring for free import into the canal zone of the materials which it needs. Admiral Walker and his colleagues are excellent men and are to be commended for their intentions, but they fail to see that there are other points of view than that of mere economy. Of course, every one would like to have the canal constructed, other things being equal, in a thrifty manner. But, after all, what is economy among friends of protection?

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Do not let us pursue a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy. The cheapest thing is often costliest in the end. Secretary Shaw has the right of the matter. He at least sees what a horrid mistake it would be to let foreign manufacturers provide the canal materials "at prices with which Americans could not hope to compete." He believes that the protective idea ramifies through every department of our national activities, and that all interests should stand or fall together. Besides, can Uncle Sam suppose it would be decent for him to fare better than his own children, whom he has given over to the friends of protection? A canal built under any such policy would, we are sure, bring disaster to every American ship that used it.

In sending a United States Assistant Attorney-General to Alaska to look into the conduct of Government officers, including the Federal judges, the Administration has taken another investigation on its hands. It is encouraging to learn that it will be prosecuted "just as promptly and impartially as were the examples in the Post-Office Department." The country is still waiting for the results of that fearless and complete overhauling of the Post-Office which Senator Lodge promised should be made "at our own time and in our own way." As for Alaska, the stories which visitors bring back regarding the conduct of officials there have long been disquieting, and should be looked into, even though no actual criminality may be disclosed. They bring out, at least, the inevitable difficulties of securing a fair and satisfactory administration of justice in a remote territory with a large element of adventurers in its population, and a general ambition to make fortunes out of the country, with small regard to the means employed. Alaska has fared badly enough at the hands of our Government, being denied even a delegate at Washington. It is doubly important that the officials in the territory should be of high character.

Barbarous by preconception, civilized by census returns, seems to be the fact as to the Filipinos. Gen. Sanger's census, at any rate, reckons only 647,740 of the 7,635,426 inhabitants (less than 10 per cent.) as "wild and uncivilized." Now it will be recalled that we assumed the charge of these people because they were supposed to be utterly incapable of managing their own affairs, and in particular liable to homicidal mania. They were social delinquents whom we must care for as a matter of painful charity. They could not be left to their own devices without disturbing the peace of the world. That was the horrid aspect of the Filipino when it was suggested to let him go his own way. Since he belongs to us, how different the case, how benign his air! Even the 9 per cent. of him that must be classed as barbarous is "not without some knowledge of the domestic arts." Furthermore, the barbarous tribes are largely settled on the three islands of Mindanao, Jolo, and Cotabato, natural reservations in which they need not have given more difficulty to a central government than our reservation Indians did in the West. But we call attention to the facts of the census in contrast with the hearsay of the annexationists not to brand again the old blunders and hypocrisies, but rather to emphasize the hope that lies ahead for us and for the islands. Unless civilized is used in some Pickwickian sense by Gen. Sanger's census enumerators, it will be impossible to hold this people long in tutelage. The time must come when we shall act not on the hysteria of a commercialized imperialism, but soberly on the facts, with justice and respect for our own institutions before our eyes.

The June estimates of the new cotton crop point to an improved situation. The high prices obtained by the planters have had the inevitable result—the acreage has been increased. The experts differ as to the amount of the gain, the *Financial Chronicle* estimating it at 3,368,000 acres, and the Agricultural Department at 2,823,000 acres. Even the lower figure is enough to signify a striking change in the outlook, especially when the improved condition of the crop is taken into account. On June 1, 1903, the Department estimated this at 74.1, but this year the figure is 83. If weather conditions are right and the boll weevil is kept under control, the yield this year will easily exceed that of any previous season. And even if the condition should decline to last year's ratio, the present acreage would mean a crop of a good deal more than 11,000,000 bales, against about 10,250,000 bales in 1903. This would indicate a surplus of about a quarter of a million bales above the highest annual consumption of American cotton in the past. Thus it is easy to see why, with spot cotton at 11.75 cents on Saturday, as against 17.45 in February, the contracts for the last quarter of the year, on the new crop, should be quoted at considerably under 10 cents.

The speculators are the only ones to be hurt. Even the growers will be better off. A repetition of 1903 would make them poorer instead of richer. The South has been boasting of its great access of prosperity from high-priced cotton, without taking into account its losses in other ways. Many cotton mills have had to suspend operations or run on reduced time. A number of dividend-paying companies have gone into receivers' hands, and one of the biggest mills in South Carolina had to issue bonds to keep itself out of the courts. Last year the growers succeeded in making the speculators and middlemen carry the cotton which the mills could not afford to buy; continued high prices next fall would undoubtedly reverse this and leave them "cotton poor." How much the country as a whole has to gain from a large crop this year is indicated by the wage reductions and the shutdowns in Fall River and other manufacturing centres, the dulness in the dry goods trade at home, and the curtailment in our cotton goods exports since last July of over 50 per cent. For over a year and a half cotton prices have been boomed, but the people who wear the goods have refused to buy. A short crop at high prices has not brought prosperity, but now that a large crop at low prices begins to loom up, the industries of the country may take heart.

What the labor problem means to the South can be seen from a report just published by the Department of Commerce and Labor, containing the census figures on the cotton ginned in the United States. The value of the 1903 crop is estimated at $660,549,230. With a proper supply of labor the yield could be enormously increased. Cotton is still picked by hand, just as it was in India a thousand years ago. During the harvesting months, an average day's work for a picker is about 100 pounds. At this rate it would require 1,088,000 hands, working 130 days, to harvest a crop as large as that of 1903. This would mean a labor cost of $70,750,000, or 10.7 per cent. of the value of the crop, for the harvesting alone. The growing scarcity of colored hands has raised the question of Italian labor. But the Italians rapidly acquire the American idea of wages. In many places in the North they have fixed their minimum rate at $1.50 a day. This is in excess of the price of colored labor. It is clear that the low cost of growing and picking cotton has had a great deal to do with increasing the yield in the last century.

Amid all the talk of the abnormal criminality of negroes as such, an item from the April Juvenile Court Record has a certain significance. Reviewing the first year's work of the New York Children's Court, it points out that, of the 7,000 children arraigned, "there were only thirteen children with negro blood in their veins." Of course, no accurate deduction could be made from this fact without going into the question of relative population, and so on; but we may be sure that if the negro proportion had been unduly high, the thing would have been ventilated. One consideration has, in fact, to be borne constantly in mind: every case of unnatural crime

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or brutality by negroes is at once sent echoing through the press. Yet the same newspapers will condense and minimize accounts of the deeds of white degenerates, and let them drop from notice as soon as possible. Thus exaggerated emphasis often gives a wrong impression, which a careful sifting of the actual facts would dissipate.

The slaughter of twelve men by dynamite at Independence, Col., is one of the most dastardly acts in the black history of labor-union outrages. The Colorado miners are simply following to its logical conclusion the principle of the closed shop, the principle that no man has a right to work unless he will curtail his hours, restrict his output, and tie himself hand and foot by the arbitrary rules of a union. A few labor leaders have sincerely exerted their influence against violence; others have publicly denounced it while secretly encouraging it; but the Colorado miners—like the Coeur d'Alène miners of a few years ago—have the courage of their criminal desires. They will kill any man who opposes them, and they do not stick at the most cruel and cowardly means. The spirit which they show is exactly that which dominated the Pennsylvania anthracite regions during the long strike of 1902. However loud the professions of John Mitchell, the ugly fact remains that the assaults, the house burnings, and the killings were intended to intimidate non-unionists, and accomplished this purpose. Even the president of the peaceful garment workers declared on Monday in Boston that rather than accept the open shop he would tie up the trade all over the country. He did not advocate murder and arson; but his theory, and that of all who fight the open shop, is at bottom the same as that of the franker and more brutal miners.

Postmaster-General Payne hastens to explain that his department never intended a general crusade against worthless patent medicines, but merely issued fraud orders against the makers of half a dozen nostrums of a particularly objectionable class. It appears that action on these cases was precipitated by a large number of complaints from citizens against the offensive advertising. What he would do in case similar complaints were made against the popular remedies which are sold for something which they palpably are not, he would probably not care to answer beforehand. Would the Attorney-General, for instance, recommend a fraud order against a preparation advertised as "simply liquid oxygen" which the Massachusetts Board of Health found to consist of 1.35 per cent. sulphurous and 1.08 per cent. sulphuric acid, with the rest water? At all events, by declining to undertake on his own initiative a general censorship of drug-store shelves and newspaper advertisements, the Postmaster-General has saved himself from a task compared to which the restriction of second-class privileges is simplicity itself.

The centenary of Richard Cobden's birth was marked on Friday by many commemorative addresses in this country as well as in England. His work for the repeal of the corn laws, for the commercial treaty with France, for international peace, and for disarmament, were recalled and lauded as was meet. Cobden was a mighty and triumphant reformer. The material he dealt with he had absolutely at command; and Tory antagonists who thought to put him down in the Commons, found to their dismay how formidable was his armament of exact knowledge. Cobden was also, in Bagehot's happy phrase, a "sensitive agitator." Londoners who first heard him were amazed. They looked for a burly demagogue—the man who had been rousing the North of England—and they found a slight and modest gentleman, scrupulously, almost painfully, fair in argument, who would not willingly misrepresent a single fact or vilify one of his opponents. His appeal was ever to reason and to the humane instincts. Coming to the point swiftly and sticking to it with astonishing tenacity, he was the great persuader of his generation. Showing himself impregnable in his facts, he came to be regarded as a man whose opinions were as little to be challenged. It was, therefore, only a deserved tribute to his mastery of detail and his invincible logic in driving home the truth, which Sir Robert Peel paid when he said at the passage of the corn-law repeal, "The name which ought to be and will be associated with the success of these measures is the name of Richard Cobden."

Controversy follows Mr. Whistler even after his death; the failure of the administrators of the Chantrey Fund to buy one of his works has worn out the patience of the critics of the Royal Academy, and that venerable institution will soon be the subject of a Parliamentary discussion. The sculptor Chantrey, it will be recalled, left a handsome bequest to be spent by the Academy in the purchase of fine works of art. Practically, the trustees of the Academy have limited their choice to the works of academicians and associates. Generally, a distinct preference for the mediocre has been shown. Worst of all, very ordinary paintings have been bought from this fund at many times their market price. In short, the fund has been perverted from its evident intention to a mere prize for exhibitors at Burlington House, or a sheer charity for unappreciated academicians. Public opinion has no effect upon the placid committee, which falls back upon the loose nature of its trust; and, indeed, there seems to be no direct way of improving the taste of the average British academician, nor yet of convincing him of his own deficiencies. But Parliament has a right to challenge the poor pictures that drift into the national collections by way of the Chantrey Fund.

Blazing indiscretions have usually been associated with Lord Salisbury's habit of terribly plain speaking. His mantle has fallen on Pius X., if we may trust the *Siècle's* informant, to whom the Pope explained the apparent discrepancy between protesting against President Loubet's visit to Rome while permitting Cardinal Svampa at Bologna to attend a royal fête. In a word, Pius X. declared that the protest was directed against France, and France alone. As for Italy elsewhere than in the Papal city, friendliness between Church and State is wholly compatible with the dignity of the Holy See. Such would be a fair inference from the interview. Too clearly this explanation rather aggravated the original offence; but when the Pope went on to praise "that great and noble nation, Germany," for demonstrating that a good understanding between Church and State is possible, when he characterized the French "as an obstinate people, who weary us with questions, and who obey only when the instructions of the Holy See are in accord with their own petty interests," he made the worst of Lord Salisbury's mordant epigrams seem inoffensive. Except for the just repute of the *Siècle*, one would suspect misquotation. But, after all, this interview is so exactly in the temper of the recent protest that the Papal Secretary appears in the whole matter to have been less a counsellor than a mere amanuensis.

It would be the height of absurdity to land an expedition to hunt up Mr. Perdicaris, and the seizure of a custom house to pay his ransom would be only nearer opéra bouffe because less perilous. It should not be forgotten that we are demanding of Morocco guarantees that we could not give to the Sultan himself if he were travelling in the United States. If he had the bad luck to be lynched, we should only disclaim responsibility for the act of a sovereign State, and pay an indemnity as a matter of comity. These are motives not for discrediting any reasonable measures to secure the release of the unfortunate Mr. Perdicaris, but for deterring the Administration from going too far in imitating Lord Palmerston's famous "Pacifico" blockade of the Piræus. The excuse for the presence of our squadron at Tangier is the anarchy that impends in Morocco. It greatly behooves us not to apply the match to the powder barrel.

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TREASURY DEFICITS AND PROTECTIVE TARIFFS.

The Government's full figures for last month's revenue and expenditure show a deficit of $54,500,000. Since the extraordinary payments during May to the Panama Canal shareholders, to the Panama Republic, and to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition footed up $54,600,000, it follows that the public revenue and the ordinary public expenditure in the month almost exactly balance. This result will hardly bring about, for the fiscal year which ends June 30, the Treasury's predicted $14,000,000 surplus, and it leaves results for the coming fiscal year in great uncertainty. The probability is that we shall have to face a deficit—how large, depends mainly on the volume of import trade in the next twelve months. The difficulty now upon the Treasury is, in fact, the same that has confronted it on numerous past occasions—namely, our Government's reliance, for its principal source of income, upon protective tariff duties, whose yield is always subject to collapse in the shifting vicissitudes of trade.

This phase of the matter deserves attention. A nearly equal revenue and expenditure for the year would usually be accepted as a gratifying evidence of normal Government finance. Unfortunately, it has almost invariably signified in our own country the simple passing of the line in a movement from swollen yearly surpluses to a yearly deficit, or vice versa. If a trade "boom" is in progress, if our home producers cannot keep pace with the abnormal home demand, and if, accordingly, as in the fiscal years from 1899 to 1903 inclusive, importation of highly dutiable merchandise increases with great rapidity—then the Government's receipts expand so suddenly that the Treasury's daily problem is how to prevent such a drain of actual circulating money from the markets as will force excessive rates for loans and cripple industry.

But let the trade situation change—as it did change, with great suddenness, last summer—and the public revenue falls off alarmingly. Nor is the mere fact of declining income the most awkward part of the situation then presented. Such unexpected rise in the public receipts as occurs in a period of "boom" puts the largest possible premium on legislative extravagance. Congressmen with hobbies involving heavy drafts on the public purse, lobbyists with an eye to the fortunes of their associates or employers, swarm to Washington, and fortify their appeals by arguing that the money collected by the Treasury must be "put back in circulation" if distress in the markets is to be avoided. Appropriation bills expand by scores of millions; a new scale of public expenditure is established. But when the revenue declines, in response to a waning import trade, expenditure does not come down along with it. The result is perfectly familiar in a dozen past occasions. To what extent such a shortage will occur in the next few years the shrewdest financier would hesitate to predict. It may be slight; it may be very formidable; nobody can say, unless he can also say what the course of trade, of industry, and so of merchandise importations will be during the period.

Who is to blame for the present situation? Ten years ago conditions were somewhat similar, but at that time the Democrats were in control, and it was the easiest thing in the world to take a backward view and say that their advent to power was the cause of the mischief. That is not going to be an easy game to play twice in a decade. There has been no change in government, and, before one can occur, Mr. John Sharp Williams and his friends will be sure to exclaim, "Tell us this time in advance who is to blame for the situation!" Is it due to free trade? Is it a sign that Roosevelt is going to be defeated? If not, to what shall we trace it? Has it resulted from causes over which the Republican Administration has had no control? Has there been a great mistake in estimating the revenue? Apparently not. Eliminating the postal receipts, Secretary Shaw estimated the revenue for 1904 at $530,000,000. Up to May 30 the Treasury took in $493,300,000. If the June income equals that for May, the showing at the end of the twelve months will be $534,000,000. The trouble, then, must lie with the expenditures. Deducting the postal outgo, Secretary Shaw's estimate of expenses for the current year amounted to $516,000,000. For eleven months, however, the actual outgo has been $545,565,599. But the $50,000,000 of Panama Canal payment is included here. Leaving this out, the expenditures may be stated at $495,500,000. June is a light month for Treasury payments, but if we figure them this year at only $34,500,000 (the same as in 1903), the total ordinary expense account of the Government on June 30, 1904, will be $529,000,000, or about $13,000,000 in excess of Secretary Shaw's estimate last December.

If 1904 is going to look bad on the stump this year, what sort of an impression is 1905 likely to make? When Congress met last December, Secretary Shaw told it that he expected to take in $704,472,060 in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1905. Eliminating the postal revenue estimate, his figures would be $545,000,000, or $15,000,000 in excess of his estimate for 1904. Certainly, present conditions do not guarantee that result. On the other hand, expenditures for next year are going to be extraordinarily heavy. The appropriations of the last session of Congress were $28,000,000 larger than those for the previous session. The total appropriations were $781,000,000, and other obligations had been incurred which made $800,000,000 of expenditures necessary. All this carries the mind back to the early nineties. Under Republican rule the revenue was decreased from $403,080,983 in 1890 to $354,937,784 in 1892, while the expenses rose from $261,637,203 to $321,645,214. The people registered their protest in 1892. What they will do this year, we do not know; but the situation of the Treasury certainly calls for a Republican explanation. Let us have it at once, and let it be one which will hold good after the election, no matter how it goes.

GIVEN PLATFORMS, FIND THE PARTY.

The tradition of disorganized and leaderless Democracy is dear to the Republican heart. Only by an adamantine resolution can the Republican orator restrain himself from using in every speech the simile of the ship without a rudder, or the wild horses pulling six different ways. Look on this picture, and then on that of the Grand Old Party, an army where no man breaks from the line, not because there is any coercion, but because these seven millions of sturdy and independent Americans have, after painstaking study and investigation, arrived at precisely the same conclusions upon all matters of national polity. Thus we have on one side all unity and a platform that will make itself; on the other, anarchy and a platform in which the very nails will try to pull themselves out of the planking. If history be merely a fable agreed upon, this passes very well within Republican councils and makes an unconscious impression outside.

Suppose, however, that some observer who had never heard of these things—Mr. Howells's Traveller from Altruria, one of H. G. Wells's Martians, or Macaulay's New Zealander—came into possession of a file of this year's newspapers and tried from them to form a just estimate of the two great parties. Would he confirm the Republican view? Would the political palæontologist, with the dry bones of this year's State platforms to guide him, reconstruct the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey in quite the fashion of Grosvenor and Dalzell? Let him begin with the tariff. He will discover that some fourteen of the Republican State conventions have adopted platforms which do not mention that great fountain of prosperity at all, either directly or by inference. Missouri, which devotes a plank even to the McKinley button-hole carnation, says nothing about the tariff: In California, Kansas, New Hampshire, and Ohio the tariff is praised, as it were, anonymously, the word not occurring in the platform, though there are some kind phrases for "pro-

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tection to American labor." As for specific suggestions regarding tariff schedules, there are but two. The Washington Republicans "oppose any application of that principle [reciprocity] which contemplates the removal of the existing duty on coal and lumber." Should our traveller have in his hand a copy of President Roosevelt's first message, he would be perplexed to find that the coal schedules were the only ones in which any change was there recommended. Michigan had the frankness to ask for higher duties on sugar. Minnesota demands "enlarged markets for the products of our farms and factories," though giving a pious shudder at the thought of allowing the Democrats to help. La Follette's convention in Wisconsin had no such scruples, and declared, "We believe in a readjustment of tariff schedules in all cases where protection is employed for the benefit of capital and only to the injury of the consumer and the workingman." Eight conventions suggest revision of the tariff by its friends, while seven speak up more or less faintly for reciprocity in strictly non-competitive products. The others put such ideas beyond the pale.

Our Martian friend, before reaching this point in his investigations, must certainly have come across something about the President's career as a foe of Trusts. "He it was," say the representatives of his party in Kentucky, "who, when patriots dreaded the encroachments of the Trusts, grappled with their most powerful representatives and pushed the fight until the Supreme Court had placed them absolutely at the mercy of the law as enacted by the representatives of the people." Here is surely an achievement to be celebrated by every convention of the patriots whom Mr. Roosevelt had relieved from their dread. Yet out of the first thirty-five Republican platforms to come to hand, only ten so much as contain the word "Trust." Six others, to be sure, speak euphemistically of "dangerous aggregations of capital," of "unlawful combinations." The others are absolutely silent. The Ohio platform, which contrasts Democracy with Republicanism as "a divided party of obstruction and negation" against "definite principles culminating in beneficent legislation," contains neither the word tariff nor the word Trust.

"But," say the Republicans, "the tariff and the Trusts are settled issues. There is no more reason for reaffirming our faith in the Dingley and the Sherman laws than for saying that we believe in the Copernican system or the statutes against burglary. The presumption is that the Democrats disagree." So our Martian turns to the pile of Democratic platforms. He finds, up to date, five which frankly agree to accept whatever statement of issues the National Convention formulates. The platforms of Connecticut, Indiana, Montana, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Rhode Island discuss neither Trusts nor tariffs. North Dakota has a tariff but no Trust plank, and Kansas just the reverse. On the other hand California, New Hampshire, New York, Oregon, South Carolina, Nebraska, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Michigan, and Georgia declare themselves decidedly, both on the Trusts and on the tariff.

There was much said by Republicans in the closing days of Congress regarding the differences of opinion revealed by the tariff speeches of Bourke Cockran, Champ Clark, and John Sharp Williams. Yet in the platforms since adopted there is no evidence of division on this issue. "Careful and fair tariff revision," demands California. Pennsylvania wants "immediate but careful and prudent reduction of the tariff." New York declares likewise for reasonable reduction, while the Oregon Democrats suggest that the tariff should be modified to benefit the people, and not the Trusts. Passing to the States controlled by the radical element, the Nebraska Democrats under Mr. Bryan's thumb "would restore the tariff to a revenue basis and administer it for revenue only." "Protection for protection's sake" they consider "an ingenious device for the exploitation of the masses by the privileged classes." Iowa, captured by Hearst, denounces "the vicious tariff system under which Trusts have been born, bred, fattened, and the species multiplied." A number of specific remedies are offered. Wisconsin Democrats would remove the tariff from Trust-made articles, while those of California and South Carolina would reduce the tariff whenever it permits manufacturers to sell cheaper abroad than at home.

Thus the fact is that, making due allowance for the inevitable differences of opinion among men engaged in the same cause, and accepting at their face the formal declarations of party organizations, the reader is in no doubt whatever as to Democratic purposes regarding the tariff issue, while left in perplexity as to what the Republicans propose to do about it if again entrusted with power.

THE WAR AND THE KEY-THEORY.

When the Russians in 1897 wrested Port Arthur from the Chinese, everybody spoke as if the command of the Yellow Sea had been formally transferred to the Czar. And, indeed, the tip of the Liao-tung peninsula fulfilled every requirement of a "key," and was not inaptly called a Gibraltar. It commanded everything in sight—Tien-tsin, the harbor of North China; Niu-Chwang, the port of the fertile Mantchurian plain; it dominated Western Korea, threatened the whole of Shantung. One would have thought that the mere possession of this mountainous peninsula made Russia impregnable in the Far East. A sober critic like Alfred Rambaud said that in the China Sea "the position of Russia is far the strongest"; by it she "commanded" Peking and "penetrated" China. More imaginative commentators saw in the Liao-tung peninsula a sword aimed at the heart of China. All agreed that the seizure of this point of land vastly increased the strength of Russia, and rendered her practically impregnable in the Yellow Sea.

Yet not quite all. Lord Salisbury said flatly, speaking at the Albert Hall on May 4, 1898, "I think Russia has made a great mistake in taking Port Arthur. I do not think it is any use to her whatever." These words, which at the time passed merely as a cynical apology for Lord Salisbury's own failure to thwart the Russian advance—as an aggravated instance of diplomatic sour grapes—read very like prophecy now, when the dispatches are full of the apprehension felt in St. Petersburg concerning Port Arthur. Skilled strategists advised its evacuation early in the war, and its defence is admittedly a cruel hindrance to Kuropatkin's programme in the north. From the night that Togo's torpedo fleet sailed in, it has not commanded or dominated or even frowned upon anything. It has, on the contrary, been constantly buffeted and a prey to fears. Far from being a "sword" or even a "key," it has been a kind of sixth toe of the Empire—a superfluity at best, and most liable to be trodden on. On this matter there should be no illusion. Kuropatkin could not and cannot go to the relief of Port Arthur without taking the risk of being cut off from behind, and if the Japanese have delayed their descent upon Niu-Chwang, it is less because Port Arthur theoretically blocked the way than because Kuropatkin's main force at Hai-Cheng was only a few miles away from the landing-place.

This state of things is commended to amateur strategists who urge the random annexation of keys, "stepping-stones," or coaling stations. Only seven years ago Port Arthur was generally conceived of as something that of itself might repel all trespassers in the Russian sphere of influence; to-day Port Arthur appears chiefly as a point that may be attacked and defended with considerable difficulty. This startling reversal of rôles suggests that keys are really worth nothing in themselves unless you can afford to keep them, and that their keep is very expensive. Port Arthur has been and is worse than worthless to the Russians; it would indeed be only a source of weakness to any Power which did not control the China seas. Keys, then, are valuable only if they can be used to open something. The mere possession of a collection of them exposed to the cupidity of the first muscular passer-by may minister to chauvin-

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istic vanity, may win an election or two, but certainly weakens a nation.

At Washington that is coming to be realized. It is no longer customary to speak of the Philippines as the "stepping-stone to the East." Quite the contrary, there has been a marked tendency to groan under the bills for fortifying Manila and increasing the navy. In well-informed circles it is thoroughly understood that the possession of these islands makes us not stronger in the Pacific, but more vulnerable all around; that the notion that the annexation meant an increase in naval or military strength was the wildest of delusions. In this whole matter one should not fail to note a kind of mathematical fallacy that infects amateur tacticians. They fail to perceive so elementary a principle as that "stepping-stones" may be used in either direction, while strategic keys are invariably reversible. The key that seems to fit only your rival's portal fits also your own, and any stronger hand may turn your own key against you.

Dalny is to-day a convenient naval base for the Japanese, as Port Arthur may soon be. This goes to show that dispersed keys are a fleeting possession. A man may be so rich in them that he owns one or more in every neighbor's yard; but the man who has one or two on a chain in his pocket is the true claviger after all. All this speculation over maps is nought. Strategic positions are vain things for safety unless they are accessible to supplies and reinforcements. The mere fact that Gibraltars frown shows that they are frowned on; that they "command," that they are commanded. In short, the whole doctrine of the abstract desirability of keys rests upon a false analogy between international policy and burglary. It is assumed that here and there skeleton keys may be seized and surreptitiously employed to open commercial and military doors. But a very little observation would show that international politics has not yet sunk to burglary, the most boasted and popular kind being still on the nobler basis of frank robbery. In a world where doors are generally battered down, keys are relatively of decorative value. That, in spite of arbitration treaties, is the condition of the world to-day.

"EUGENICS."

We do not imagine that Francis Galton has read President Roosevelt's letter on "race suicide," but a recent address of his before the Sociological Society is a good corrective of it, and of the whole order of ill-considered ideas lying behind it. That a nation or a stock should simply multiply is by no means the highest good—is not necessarily a good at all. It is a military conception, to be sure, that there should always be plenty of "food for powder." Napoleon, who asked what were the lives of a million soldiers to a man like him, was anxious that French mothers should make good his ravages. Such barbarous notions still persist. But Mr. Galton brushes them all aside with the statement that the real problem of civilization is how to improve the race, not merely to give it a cheap numerosity.

"Eugenics" is the name which he invents for the science dealing with the influences that better the inborn qualities of a given race, and develop them to the utmost advantage. Its principles are not mysterious. First, there must be agreement upon the type which it is desirable to produce. Then will follow the question of the best means of perpetuating it. All but the whimsical are of one mind in designating health, energy, mental capacity, manliness, inbred courtesy and honor as qualities most conducive to the good of society. How are they to be increasingly secured in civilized countries? How can the class embodying them be made typical and dominant? Evidently, not by turning society into a rabbit-warren. Unsuitable marriages, recklessly fertile, Mr. Galton would put under the severest of social bans. Under modern conditions, he would consider a family "large" that contained as many as three adult children. That would best fit in with the definition of a thriving family as one in which the children had gained a superior position.

This thought of levelling up runs through all that Mr. Galton has to say about race improvement. He is not for monotony of type. Varieties of character and of ideals are to be cultivated and cherished. "Society would be very dull if every man resembled the highly estimable Marcus Aurelius or Adam Bede." What eugenics aims at is to put every class at its finest; to make each sort more and more conform to its best specimens. Only so can the general tone be made better. And social salvation lies in improving the average quality. As Mr. Galton says, if public leaders will insist upon "playing to the gallery," we must give them a better gallery to play to—one that will hiss vulgarities and savagery off the stage, instead of frantically applauding them. In this view the social philosopher is at one with the poet, whose prayer was

> "O God, make no more giants;
> Elevate the race."

The subject is one of tremendous importance, and the first thing is to get people to believe it so. Mr. Galton is under no illusions. He is well aware of the common ideas and practices related to what John Fiske termed "that stupendous process of breeding which we call civilization." Better conceptions must begin with the educated and the serious. Eugenics must be an academic question before it can come to be a matter of intense and general practical interest, or be finally, as Mr. Galton hopes it will, "introduced into the national conscience like a new religion." If it is a noble thing to produce a race in which sound physiques, strong minds, and good morals are in widest commonalty spread, to debase the stock is surely a national disgrace. There is, however, no surer way to debase it than to follow rash counsels looking to number rather than quality.

The aim throughout is to give richness to life. And here those who hold to the rabbit theory of national well-being have to face the fact that it is precisely the most intelligent and conscientious parents of our time who think so much of the happiness of the coming generation that they will not improvidently bring children into the world. They would hotly resent Mr. Roosevelt's implication that unwillingness to have large families is a kind of race treason. The real traitors to race are those who would degrade and weaken it by so diminishing the opportunities of a swarming population that discontent and a fiercer struggle for existence will bring the bestial qualities uppermost. What has been called the "apologetic attitude" of the modern father in presence of his child goes well with the more serious weighing of the responsibilities of parenthood. It is really a wholesome, not an alarming thing if people are thinking with deeper intentness about the desirable restrictions on marriage and about the laws of health and happiness as related to the bearing and rearing of children. To give one well-born and correctly brought-up son to the commonwealth is to serve it better than by burdening it with a half-dozen ill-conditioned boys. What the ultimate destiny of the human race may be we do not know; but the duty which lies next at hand for this generation is to study and disseminate the laws of heredity, and to so act upon the knowledge of them, with a due regard to the environment in which children are to be placed, that the level of health, intelligence, and morality shall be at least a little raised.

THE EDUCATION OF CRŒSUS.

In the baccalaureate sermons of Sunday our college graduates and undergraduates, together with their "subsidiary parents," received a large quantity of exceedingly sound advice. There is no vice which they were not warned to shun, or virtue which they were not urged to cultivate. We cannot but wish, however, that more of the preachers had turned aside from the routine exhortations of the season to discuss a pretty serious question which is treated in a recent issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*—the difficulty of dealing with our rich youth in school and college.

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At the dinner of the New York alumni last winter Professor Lowell complained of the danger from too much luxury showered upon undeserving sons by thoughtless fathers. Professor Baker has taken up the theme at length, and described conditions which exist, not merely at Harvard, but in some other Eastern colleges as well. The complaint lies against "a number of attractive, pleasant lads," who "show a remarkable and genial imperviousness to lasting impressions which do not connect themselves with athletics or possibly society." Their talk, "except on athletics," is "self-centred and meagre. These men do not necessarily take so-called soft courses, but they develop a surprising capacity for drifting courteously through any course with the minimum of labor and permanent result." Professor Baker also remarks that as a matter of fact the concentration of the attention of these men has brought small results in general athletics to-day, as compared, say, with ten years ago. In short, they are wealthy and agreeable loafers, interested in nothing but athletics, and good for nothing, even at that. The natural taste and incapacity of this group is emphasized by their gregarious habits. They herd together in palatial private dormitories. "The scale of expenditure is set by the very wealthy," and there is accordingly a strengthening tendency toward "segregation on a money basis."

For these evils various remedies have been proposed. Professor Lowell would have new dormitories so equipped as to strike a mean between the bareness of the old and the luxury of the new. The "stiffening" of courses might also help; but then the rich boy could hire a tutor, for his notion is that study is a curse, to be borne "manfully, with such mitigations and solace in the way of tutoring as one's purse will permit." In suggesting still another remedy, Professor Baker lays his finger on a very sore spot, the attention of college faculties to the higher degrees rather than to the knotty problems of instruction offered by large freshman and sophomore classes, the development of the specialist and the investigator rather than the highly skilled teacher, the man who might seize and inspire some of these indifferent lads with genuine enthusiasm for study.

Most thoughtful persons, however, will agree with Professor Baker that the cause of the trouble lies far too deep to be reached by any of the specifics yet proposed. Dormitories, discipline, and didactics are all well enough in their way; but they hardly touch the underlying conditions—the attitude of the boy's own family. For in extravagance, in lack of taste, in total apathy as regards the mind and soul, the college student is simply the product of the atmosphere in which he has been reared. It is not to be expected that young Mr. Pork Packer or Copper King will in a few months forget his home training, if that fine phrase may be applied to the precious lessons in manners and morals learned from ignorant servants and subservient masters. He will carry with him to New Haven and Cambridge his mother's desperate desire to break into society at any cost, his father's contempt for mere bookmen. The young hopeful knows that the easiest and shortest road to social standing lies through a "swell" fitting school and college. There, if his conduct be not too outrageous, he will form the acquaintance of the sons and daughters of people who would never dream of associating with his impossible parents. With a practically unlimited letter of credit from "the old man," with his clothes, his horses, his automobiles, and his yachts, with his lavish support of the athletic teams, he and a company of his kind may, without falling into the grosser vices, dazzle and demoralize half a college class.

To combat a general movement is a difficult and disheartening undertaking; but this is exactly the task that lies before those college graduates and undergraduates who do not wish to see our strongholds of learning taken by the Philistines. There has never been a time when sober fathers and mothers, when the sane and saving remnant among their children, were under such heavy obligations to maintain their ideals of restraint in expenditure and simplicity in living; to stand as a bulwark against a new irruption of barbarians; to spread the wholesome doctrine that college is the most unfitting place in the world for indulgence in the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.

THE CRUCIAL TEST OF A PLAY.

Mr. W. J. Courthope, the cultured historian of letters, and Mr. Walkley, the dramatic critic of the London *Times*, have been running a bloody tilt to decide a question old and still forever new. Said Mr. Courthope incautiously in his 'History of English Poetry': "The crucial test of a play's quality is only applied when it is read." Whereto the watch-dog of the *Times* replies that "such a canon is absurd on the face of it," and that "actual stage-performance is the only true and proper test of a play's quality." Mr. Courthope retorts that the writer for the *Times* has fallen into the base blunder of ignoring the point at issue, which point he reiterates. As an illustration of his thesis, he asserts that in their own age Fletcher was a more popular dramatist than Shakspere, whereas to-day the latter still holds the stage, while Fletcher's plays cannot be revived. "Obviously," he says, "the theatrical spectators of his time did not apply the crucial test which settles the standing of Fletcher in the dramatic literature of our country. Not less obviously, I should have thought, the reasons for the difference in quality between Shakspere's plays and Fletcher's must be judged by the literary critic in the reading."

That is as pretty a quarrel as one could wish in these piping times of peace. It reminds us of that battle of the two knights which used to be related in our school-readers, when all good things were in those books. "The shield is of gold," says the one. "Silver," cries the other, and straightway they fall to blows, not having perceived that a shield has two faces. It would seem to a looker-on that both Mr. Courthope and Mr. Walkley are right, and, contrariwise, both wrong. Certainly, the test of a play, in so far as it is designed for the stage, must be whether it will act and how it will act. And the reason why Shakspere holds the stage better than Fletcher is, we opine, the very simple reason that he acts better. On the other hand, considered as literature, that play is certainly best that best endures the test of reading.

What Mr. Courthope seems really to have in mind is a somewhat different question: his words would imply that a play considered as a piece of literature is something higher and capable of giving higher pleasure than a performance on the stage, and here he has with him the taste of the finer critics. What we see acted before our eyes is more realistic and stirs the passions more profoundly to terror and pity; but those rarer delights of reflection that lead the mind from a word or a phrase to roam over wide fields of fancy—all these are lost by the hurry of the scene and the limitations of the actor. A strong imagination may perhaps escape the tyranny of the senses and leave a man to dream his own dream, while the vision of

> "Thebes' and Pelops' line
> And the tale of Troy divine"

is passing unobserved before him. Emerson, we know, went once to see the Hamlet of a famed performer, and all he then heard and all he could remember of the tragedian was simply Hamlet's question to the ghost:

> "What may this mean,
> That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses o' the moon?"

With those magic words his imagination was carried out of the theatre and beyond the reach of the actor's voice. Hamlet was literature to him, and the performance nought.

Dryden, too, little given to dreaming as he was, seems to have found a finer pleasure in the reflective pleasures of the closet than in the coarser and more emotional appeals of the stage. But the classical example of this form of taste is Lamb, to whom, curiously enough, neither Mr. Courthope nor Mr. Walkley has

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alluded. "It may seem a paradox," writes Elia in that great essay, "but I cannot help being of the opinion that the plays of Shakspere are less calculated for performance than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguishing excellence is a reason that they should be so." Lamb does not mean quite what his words assert. He was fully aware of the acting excellence of Shakspere's dramas and of the hold they might exercise over the unvisionary crowd, but he was also aware of hidden depths of meaning and aerial fancies that no actor could reproduce and no common audience could appreciate. He knew that, beside the drama of action which could be presented on the stage, there ran, as Maeterlinck has so subtly observed, a parallel drama not meant for the eye or the ear, but for the heart of the few who had experience of the inner life. And he thought these silent exultations of the reader nobler than those more obvious joys of the listener:

> "The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of night and horror which Macbeth is made to utter, that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan—when we no longer read it in a book, when we have given up that vantage-ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man in his bodily shape before our eyes actually preparing to commit a murder, . . . the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close pressing semblance of reality, give a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence; it rather seems to belong to history—to something past and inevitable, if it has anything to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone is that which is present to our minds in the reading."

This is something different from the bald statement of Mr. Courthope that the crucial test of a play is in the reading. It leaves room for the common-sense view of Mr. Walkley that the proof of a drama, as drama, is in the acting; and it permits us to hold, further, that the drama written deliberately for the reader alone is likely to be a failure even in the closet, because it bids the reader visualize in fancy what cannot take form. The crucial test of a play as literature is, after all, simply this: that it must be at once powerful on the stage and fascinating in the closet.

THE SHADOW OF STEVENSON.

Robert Louis Stevenson died between eight and nine years ago, and yet his shadow still lies heavy upon the pages of our amateurs in literature. In admiration of Stevenson as story-teller, letter-writer, and essayist, we yield to none. We even include in our list of delectable reading a considerable part of his verse, especially that in the 'Child's Garden.' But a fondness for Stevenson, which the severely critical might regard as inordinate, cannot persuade us that his worst writing is better than any one else's best; that every word from his pen is more precious than rubies, and that the sure road to success is imitation of his mannerisms.

Shakspere and Milton stand on an eminence that makes the least scrap of their work interesting and significant. Of Burke it has been said, with a show of truth, that the only fair sample of his style is everything that he wrote. A lost magazine article by Shelley—"beautiful, ineffectual angel" though he be—would be worth rescuing from oblivion. But those who toil on the lower levels cannot, either by the attraction of their personality or the intrinsic merit of their utterances, compel any such recognition. Thackeray is a greater than Stevenson, and yet the publication of volume after volume of his waifs and strays, hasty and fugitive compositions which he was glad to forget, has added neither to his reputation nor to the edification or amusement of the public. There are plenty of men alive to-day whose pot-boilers are quite as trivial and inconsequent as Thackeray's. Why disinter buried rubbish for the benefit of an age that has surpassed all others in the production of this undesirable commodity?

On this score Stevenson himself entertained no illusions. When he was collecting the material for the Edinburgh Edition he frankly told his friends that he would leave out some of his more immature work; he would not, he declared, fill the barrow with green apples. The soundness of his judgment has been abundantly proved by his superserviceable disciples, who have reprinted essays and sketches which he and the rest of the world would willingly have let die. No rival of William Morris can start a private press without publishing, as evidence of his zeal and taste, some paper by Stevenson that should have remained in decent obscurity. The ardent collector of Stevensoniana may buy this stuff; but even he must acknowledge that all the glory of hand-made paper, deckle edges, wide margins, and the other stigmata for which a bibliomaniac hunts, cannot make the booklet worth shelf-room.

These reprints are a bore, but yet more tiresome are most of the books, essays, and poems about Stevenson. The time for lyrical laments has probably passed. Soon after the death of Stevenson, Richard Le Gallienne seized the psychological moment—whatever that may be—and with the help of a threnody lifted himself into the public gaze; but a wise fear of being classed with Le Gallienne has doubtless stopped the mouths of other aspiring poetasters. Friends who can boast of more fervor than discretion, however, have laid bare the life of Stevenson from the cradle to the grave. If any one has further details about Stevenson in Scotland, Stevenson at college, Stevenson in London, Stevenson in Belgium, Stevenson in France, Stevenson in New York, Stevenson in the Adirondacks, Stevenson in California, Stevenson in Hawaii, Stevenson in Australia, and Stevenson in Samoa, we beg him to withhold his hand and graciously to spare us.

Our most terrible pest at present is the young littérateurs who are forming themselves upon Stevenson, and are consequently writing in a style that would have driven him either to suicide or justifiable homicide. These hopeful youths have made a profound study of Stevenson—often in college—and they know the precise proportion of nouns, verbs, adjectives, color-words, and figurative turns to put into their mixture. Aware that the charm of Stevenson's essays lies in his personality, they are giving us large doses of their own personality. They, too, have a "cheerful philosophy of life" which they take as seriously as if they were the author of the Twenty-third Psalm. They labor under the delusion that it is something of a feat to write with what they call "individuality." They seem to forget that anybody with a strong right arm and no dread of ridicule can turn out at the rate of a column an hour such platitudes as these:

> "In this crowded world, where every man touches the elbows of his fellows a thousand times a day, each soul dwells incommunicably alone.
>
> "Though friendship be the treasure of time, love is the treasure of eternity.
>
> "Let us rid ourselves of conventions and speak eye to eye and heart to heart, deep answering unto deep.
>
> "There are three things no power on earth can shake; the mountain on its granite base, the glittering pinnacle of heaven, and the faith of a woman in the man she loves."

But it is a pity to spoil even wood-pulp paper with such inanity. A personality is always charming when it is charming; but nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand it is deadly commonplace. In most cases, then, the field for the display of it is either manual labor or those humbler forms of composition, such as editorial writing, that demand nothing more than energy and good intentions.

A VICE-PRESIDENT FOR MEXICO.

MEXICO CITY, May, 1904.

What is described by Mexican editorial pens as an "imposing manifestation of the sovereignty of the people" and something to "make the heart swell with patriotism," has just taken place in all the capitals of the States and the Federal District of Mexico, in connection with the proclamation by *bando* of some new amendments to the Constitution of this so-called Federal Republic. To one who comes from a republic where, when the Constitution is changed at all, it is usually done by the slow movement of the course of events in the minds of the people, or else by some undemonstrative but epoch-making decision of the

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supreme judicial body, it is interesting to note how more frequent changes are brought about in a republic where even the mere formal ratification of amendments by the legislative power is made secondary to the display with which the Executive puts in force governmental changes which it has itself in fact originated.

First, the Federal Congress having ratified the Constitutional amendments which were formulated by the Federal Executive, they are submitted to the Legislatures of all the States. Their ratification in these bodies, which are under control of the central authority at Mexico City, just as the entire Governments of the States are so controlled, is a mere matter of course, quite as was their ratification by the Federal Congress, which is under the eye of the Executive at the capital. In this case the ratification was unanimous. The Secretary of the Interior in the Federal Government thereupon communicates the amendments to the Government of each State, in the form of a proclamation beginning: "Porfirio Diaz, Constitutional President of the United States of Mexico, to the inhabitants thereof, Know ye: That the Federal Congress has been pleased to issue the following decree," etc., and ending with the usual flourish: "Liberty and Constitution." The official gazette of each State thereupon bulletins the document, which might be considered sufficient to make it law. But the Executive in Mexico has invented a little extra - constitutional process which is designed to make the process of changing the Constitution rather more impressive.

In each State capital the detachment of Federal troops and all the constabulary force (Diaz's prized *rurales*) which can be mustered, are brought forth in the demonstration with which the Constitutional amendments are proclaimed. They set out at early-breakfast hour on Sunday morning, their triumphal passage through the streets having been announced by a half-hour's strenuous battering of all the bells of all the numerous churches (there still survives enough of the feeling against the old clerical party in the hearts of the Governmental liberals and their successors to make them delight in forcing this recognition of authority out of the churches on all purely national holidays). A body of buglers on horseback precedes, and there follow the troops a few carriages with the civil officers of the local Government. Wherever the buglers and the column halts, the new amendments are proclaimed to the assembled peons on the street-corners, who have not the least idea as a rule what the *bando* is all about, much less what the Constitution itself is; and, if possible, the proclamation is pasted up in a conspicuous place. The proclamation is done by the civil authorities, but the important side of the procession is the soldiers and the *rurales;* the masses may not know what the Constitution is, nor care, but they know what the troops are, and whom they represent.

The same ceremony was gone through in Mexico City, only in more splendid style, as a whole brigade of troops was there turned out. The show of the Executive was therefore even more imposing in it all. One was reminded of what occurred at the recent execution of a soldier in one of the prison-barracks of the capital. Few spectators were admitted, and, some cry of pity or murmured comment having arisen when the man declared his innocence, a sergeant of the army stepped forth and proclaimed: "In the name of the Republic, listen: Who raises his voice shall suffer five years of imprisonment." A new way of imposing punishments by proclamation.

The new amendments to the Constitution, which has now become all patched over with amendments, mostly relating to details, since its first promulgation in 1857, are designed to accomplish two things, viz.: to provide for the election of a Vice-President and his succession to the President, and to extend the Presidential term from four to six years. When Diaz is re-elected this year, therefore, it will be to serve until December of 1910. It would appear that the question of a successor to him was far enough in the future to make discussion over it rather academic. Still, he is a man now past seventy, and it is well understood that the provision of this year for a Vice-President is designed to open the way for some one to step quietly and naturally into his place in case he should die, or should make the proposed vacation-trip to Europe, or should fill out his full term and then retire, as is expected. The logical nominee for the Vice-Presidency, under this view of the case, is generally felt to be the able minister of finance, José Limantour. The latter, however, seems to have somewhat of the objection that is felt at times in the United States to becoming a Vice-Presidential nonentity, especially as he is very much interested in the work he has in hand of reorganizing the country's monetary system and of reorganizing also its railways under governmental control. Then, too, the older men among Diaz's adherents, who do not stand quite with the younger "progressives" in all their measures, have their candidates for the place.

The readiness to create again the post of Vice-President, after it has lain in "innocuous desuetude" for over thirty years, is significant of the feeling that there is no longer any danger in constituting an official successor to the President. In the early days of the republic, almost every Vice-President promptly began to conspire against the President, raised an army in his particular stronghold of the country, and marched to the overthrow of the administration in which he was nominally second member. Hence the revision of the Constitution to do away with the office which is now restored. It is felt that the day of such conspiracies and rebellions is past; if not wholly obviated by the change in sentiment of the people, at any rate the railroads and the telegraph lines of to-day make it impossible to raise mutinies as they once were raised.

It was not generally known in the United States that Diaz had any opponents at all for the Presidency in the election of 1900, and it was supposed that the show of opposition to him succumbed in 1896. In putting himself forward for the Presidency this year, however, Señor Nicolas Zúñiga y Miranda says that he was an opponent of Diaz for the office both in 1896 and in 1900; it does not appear, however, that he figured in the final returns with any votes. According to his autobiography, he ran for the Presidency in 1896, when he was not yet of the legal age, thirty years. It appears from the same document that he is the typical sort of agitator whom Spanish-American countries further south know so well. When fifteen years of age, he claims, he initiated the popular "strike" against the use of the new nickel coins then introduced, which "strike" began at Zacatecas, his home, and which did lead to the withdrawal of the new coins; his claim as to the origin of the affair, however, hardly agrees with the records of it. At the age of sixteen, it appears from his statements, he "made various studies and published some in astronomy, meteorology, natural sciences, hygiene, chemistry, philosophy, etc. This made him more popular, not only in this country, but also abroad, where many of his studies were reproduced." We are informed also that he has made a most profound "study" (in written form) of all the constitutions of the whole world, beginning with the Romans, but this unfortunately has not yet been given forth to the waiting public. At the age of seventeen, while studying law, he represents himself to have been the chief opponent of the recognition of the English debt. He appears to have been very much of the "opposition" always, and to have suffered imprisonment several times upon the charge of sedition. It is hardly necessary to say that his candidacy will not figure much in the ordinary newspapers of the country; he is issuing a little folio of his own in which it is presented, with the signatures of the alleged "notables" who endorse him.

Such is "popular government" where the "people" does not know that it rules, though designated in the liberal press always as "the sovereign," or else with a capital P.

CYRENE.

ROME, May 10, 1904.

So much of what is known and thought about Cyrene is dependent on explorations carried out many years ago, that an account of the present conditions of the city may be of interest. Roughly speaking, the northern coast of Africa was in ancient times divided into three parts—Egypt, the Cyrenaica, and the country under the control of Carthage. Of these regions the Cyrenaica is still but little known even to travellers and archæologists. Until recently the difficulties consequent on the nature of the country and the character of the Arabs have hindered the progress of study. The last person to visit the site was, I believe, Mr. Weld Blundell, an Englishman. This was some eight years ago, and he, I have been told, met with such trouble at the hands of the Arabs that he was forced to hurry his departure. At present the conditions are favorable to the scholar. The city is unquestionably difficult of access, for the ancient port, Apollonia, the present Marsa Suza, is not called at by the steamers that ply along the coast; its handful of population depending on overland connection with Bengasi, five days to the west, or Derna, two and a half days to the east. At neither of these places is there a proper harbor; so, not infrequently, passengers to these ports are carried past their destination, owing to the north or east winds preventing a landing. I was fortunate in not having to take this chance, being on board Mr. Allison Armour's yacht *Utowana,* a boat well known to many

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students for the scientific trips her owner-captain has organized.

Our party consisted of Mr. Armour, Mr. D. G. Hogarth (one-time director of the British School at Athens), Messrs. Van Buren, Curtis, and Cross of the American School in Rome, and myself. Our minister in Constantinople, Mr. Leischman, had obtained for me, among other letters, one to the governor of Bengasi from the minister of foreign affairs in Constantinople. The weather and other reasons made it, however, necessary for us to go first to Derna, where, on explaining our purposes and showing various official letters, the Vali gave us a letter to the Captain at Marsa Suza. We did not wait long at Derna, but went at once to our destination, where we found desolate surroundings, but a most hospitable welcome. Landing early in the morning, we accomplished the inevitable coffees and compliments as quickly as courtesy would allow, and then set to work to find animals to carry us and our pack over the twelve hilly miles that separated us from Ain Shehat or Cyrene. Two horses, a donkey, and a camel were all that could be collected; and, mounted on these, with an escort of seven soldiers, we started.

Marsa Suza itself is full of interest to the archæologist, there being many tombs, a theatre, temples, and churches, all offering a rich field to the excavator. The present town consists of some forty families of Cretan refugees, and about thirty-five soldiers. It has a good water supply, brought by open aqueduct and ditch from a fine spring which breaks from the rock about two miles away, and the soil seems pretty good. The road to Cyrene leads southwest across the plain that stretches from the sea to the first terrace of the hills, which are reached in about half an hour. It climbs this terrace by a steep zigzag, which follows the line of the ancient road, the "paved" road that Battus built, the rock-cut bed of which is plainly visible a large part of the way to Cyrene. From the top of the terrace, about 1,000 feet up, one looks back at the sea with its harborless coast for the last time till Cyrene is reached. From this point the trail continues over a rocky plateau, through woods of rather low and heavy growth, for some seven or eight miles to the foot of a second terrace, on the heights of which are the ruins. But, though wooded, the verdure did not seem to me in any way worthy of the praise bestowed on it by most writers. Doubtless, conditions were very different anciently, but it is not surprising, considering the lay of the land, that the early settlers discovered the rich uplands of Cyrene only when led thither by natives; nor is it to be wondered at that, after the desert regions surrounding Cyrene, travellers, both ancient and modern, have been strongly impressed with the pleasant woods and fields of the city itself.

It is evident that the road in old times was passable for wheeled traffic, and Smith and Porcher, to whose excavations in the middle of the nineteenth centry we owe a great part of our knowledge of the city, found it possible to carry the spoil they collected down it to the sea. At several points along its course are remains of Hellenistic or Roman post and guard houses; and, what with its steep grades and the impassable ravines on either side of much of its length, it must have been easy to defend. After following it perhaps three miles, and while one is some four miles from the city, the country changes into rolling, fertile upland, in the main covered with woods, but with, considering the region and the people, a surprising amount of grain, which increases steadily as one approaches the city.

The first sign that the city is nearby are scattered sarcophagi by the roadside; then, a little further on, appear rock-cut tombs and buildings of all sorts; but it is not till at the foot of the last ascent up the second terrace on which stands the city, and about four hundred feet below the ancient acropolis, that one perceives one is approaching a very remarkable site. It is only then can be seen how the two hills on which the city was built have been carved into scores of terraces, each of which is crowded to its utmost capacity with tombs. Tombs of all sizes, tombs of all ages, tombs of every kind, carved into the back of each terrace, having Doric and Ionic façades; single and multiple tombs; some with inscriptions, some without them; and then sarcophagi cut in the solid rock and not carved separately but made by the rod, merely sawn apart at the ends and left connected at the bottom. It is the most impressive view of a necropolis I have ever seen. Those at Makri, or Myra, or Xanthus in Asia Minor are nothing to it.

Zigzagging up through these fields of the dead, the old road takes its way till it reaches the modern settlement, which is to the north of the Fountain of Apollo and on the eastern of the two hills. Here we found another very friendly young Turkish official, who, with four or five soldiers, is occupied collecting taxes. His house is built on and in one of the tombs, and this is the general custom; there are scarcely any houses, but every one lives in a tomb. Probably this has been the custom for hundreds of years, and accounts for the scantiness of the traces of the old world that the tombs offer. However, in one which was being cleared for habitation while we were there, some Roman vases were turned up, and it is scarcely to be doubted that careful search would disclose many unopened graves, especially of early date, for the Greeks of the time when the city was founded did not delight so much as their descendants in having their tombs visible. Just where to search for the earliest necropolis is not easy to say. Of the three main groups, the two already mentioned and another in a valley to the west of the acropolis, it is the latter that presents the oldest architectural forms, but the long life of the city has brought about a puzzling juxtaposition of early and late types.

The best guide to the ruins is still Smith and Porcher's map, though the cultivation of the ground since their day has caused some disappearance of buildings visible to them. The Stadium, for instance, and the temples to the north and west of it, and the reservoirs to the south, are as clear as can be, but the two smaller of the theatres are not so evident. Smith and Porcher were, however, digging rather for the sake of loot than with any scientific object, so that the ground as a whole still maintains the secret of the use and purpose of many of the shattered mounds of ruins that one sees, and the relation to the city of the streets, the direction of which can still be traced. Where was the palace? where the agora with the tombs of Battus and the early kings?

I have already referred to the two hills on which the city was built—Pindar's "white breasts of swelling earth." They are spurs of a high plateau facing north. At their foot stretch rich fields, splendid ground for the horse-breeding and agriculture that brought the city wealth. Behind them to the south reaches back indefinitely and solitary the Dark Continent, and it is as one's eye roams over this view from the top of the western of the two hills (which, notwithstanding Studnicska's arguments, no one who has been there can doubt was the acropolis) that one gets the most impressive suggestion of the ancient life. Far away east, south, west, over the dry plain, speckled here and there with herds of goats, reaching out to the palpitating horizon, are ruins: tombs above ground, others built round courtyards beneath the surface, reservoirs, forts, temples, churches, the broken records of a very great city. They extend for miles over the plain, and silently make clear that in her day "the divine city of golden-throned Cyrene" was a mighty centre of wealth and civilization. On the acropolis itself, called Grennah by the Arabs (in which form the name Cyrene still lives), there is little. On its northern slope is the fountain whose constant waters give life to the gardens just below around the *tekke* of the Senussi Arabs, and these small patches of cultivation are all that is left of the "pleasant gardens of Aphrodite." It would take some weeks to explore the region thoroughly, but a short visit suffices to make clear the richness of the site for excavation. Our country takes, comparatively speaking, so very little interest in such work that it can hardly be hoped American scholars will have the chance of emulating the work already done by English and Italians; but success, to whomever falls the undertaking, will largely depend on being tactful with the natives.

RICHARD NORTON.

BARON HUEBNER'S DIARY.—I.

PARIS, May 19, 1904.

The diary kept for nine years, from 1851 to 1859, by Count von Hübner, Austrian ambassador in Paris, may be in many respects considered an historical document. It is equally a social document, as it introduces the reader to the highest society of Paris at the time, as well as to the official world, which was in those years entirely apart from the aristocratic world. The diary, just published under the title of 'Neuf Ans: Souvenirs d'un Ambassadeur d'Autriche à Paris sous le Second Empire,' has a portrait of Count von Hübner, in his ambassador's costume. The likeness is perfect, and shows well the man as I have seen him, with his inquisitive eyes, his dry face, his thin and compressed mouth with its defiant and ironical expression. The diary is published by the son of Baron Hübner, twelve years after the latter's death, according to a wish expressed by the defunct. "These souvenirs," says the editor, "are not memoirs in the proper sense of the word, but a mere journal, to which are consigned the events and the diplomatic transactions in which my father took such a great part in his quality of

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Austrian ambassador in Paris under Napoleon III."

The epoch over which the published diary extends was fertile in events, and we will name first the end of the Second Republic in France, the *Coup d'État* of the Second of December, the proclamation of the Second Empire which followed it, the recognition of this empire by the great European Powers, the marriage of Napoleon III. with Eugenia de Montijo, the complications of the Eastern Question which ended in the Crimean war, the first movements of the revolutionary party in Italy, the attempt of Orsini upon the life of Napoleon, and the impending war of France and Austria in Italy, which put an end to the mission of Baron Hübner. All these events belong to history; but what the reader will look for in the diary are the writer's judgments upon persons, his psychological study of the actors on the stage of history. The diarist is interesting also in himself. A representative of the old Roman Empire, which was then still in existence, of the most conservative power in Europe, he found himself cast in a country still convulsed by all the passions which found full play after the Revolution of 1848.

The diary begins on January 4, 1851. The year was filled with the development of the antagonism between the National Assembly and Louis Napoleon, who was the President elected by the direct suffrage of the people. The President took the command of the army of Paris out of the hands of Gen. Changarnier, who was the favorite of the Assembly and of its leaders, Molé, Dupin, Thiers, the Duke de Broglie, Berryer, Montalembert, and Odilon-Barrot. Thiers was the real chief of the parliamentary coalition. Hübner, as an Austrian, was very hostile to parliamentary government. Speaking of Thiers, he says: "He has rarely spoken with more talent and cleverness. If you wish to see to what a degree parliamentarism decomposes society and degrades men and things, read, study, meditate his speech." At that time Thiers was "high Tory," and Hübner exclaims: "Quel caméléon!" On the 2d of December he writes:

"At eight o'clock in the morning my valet enters my room; the streets, he says, are full of troops; the National Assembly is militarily occupied. A bad headache does not hinder me from traversing Paris and from sending to Prince Schwartzenberg two telegraphic dispatches and a long report. Princess Lieven, though still in bed, receives me to exchange her news with mine. Later in the day her salons resemble headquarters. The information sent by the parliamentarians crosses that sent by her friends of the Élysée. Going home in a mild rain, I find the Louis XV. bridge barred, and am obliged to make a détour. Buol, who was waiting for me at the Embassy, begs me to go to the diplomatic dinner, set for to-night, which has not been countermanded notwithstanding the events of the day. The town has the peculiar aspect of a military revolt. It reminded me of Lisbon on a pronunciamento day. . . . The President went along the boulevards on horseback. There was no demonstration either for or against him."

Hübner relates with great exactitude all that fell under his eye on the days which followed the 2d of December. On the 4th the position seemed critical; the arrest of so many Deputies, some of them very popular, displeased the *bourgeoisie*.

"The Government, having no enemy before it, is very much embarrassed. If the situation of yesterday and the day before continues, its position will be untenable. . . . The faubourgs seemed little disposed to offer or to accept battle. They prefer to fatigue the soldiers and to indispose them towards the enterprise by marches and countermarches which lead to nothing. One begins to doubt the success of the *Coup d'Etat;* at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs they don't conceal this from us."

The situation changed all at once in the afternoon of the 4th: "Suddenly, without any apparent reason, the soldiers at several points fired upon the passers-by on the boulevards, on the balconies and the windows." In a note Hübner says: "Who gave the order for the troops to fire on quiet people? It has never been learned. It is one of the most sinister traits of the conspiracy which placed Louis Bonaparte on the throne of France."

On leaving the salon of Princess Lieven, on that eventful day, Hübner went from the Rue St. Florentin to the Boulevard, which he followed as far as the Rue de Grammont with Count Buol. There they were separated by the crowd, "and I could see," he says, "a platoon firing almost *à bout portant* on the group in which Buol was. Fortunately, he was not hit." At the Union Club, where Hübner took refuge, the windows were broken by firearms. Princess Lieven metamorphosed herself rapidly into a friend of the Élysée, though her parliamentary friends had been for the greater part arrested. Guizot remained in a corner, alone and deserted. "What amuses me is the candor with which the Princess confesses her versatility and the *sans-gêne* with which she shows it."

Hübner was not long in judging the situation. On the 8th of January, 1852, he writes:

"The country is thirsting for authority; it drains with delight the cup offered it by the Government of the sword. It consoles itself, if it needs consolation, by saying to itself that the nation made its own choice of master. The parliamentarians do not try or are unable to conceal their consternation; yesterday they were sovereigns, to-day they sink into nothingness. . . . The President is master of the country. So far, his star has served him well. His power is founded on the army. 'With the army, through it, for it,' must become his device. He is master of France by right of conquest; or, rather, France has fallen into the trap laid by him and his accomplices. . . . 'Vox populi, vox Dei' is the sum of his political creed. I like to see in him thus the instrument chosen by Providence to strike on our Continent the mortal blow to parliamentarism."

Hübner shows here his absolutist bias. He was a partisan of authority; but it did not suit his ideas to see authority at the mercy of a popular vote. He was quick to discern the real affinities of Louis Napoleon. After the plébiscite which gave eight millions of votes for the restoration of the Empire, he goes to a ball at Saint-Cloud. He finds the company rather mixed. "Democratic forms and ways are not, however, to the taste of Louis Napoleon. But, a product of universal suffrage, he cannot deny his origin, and he must even brandish it. But this costs him little. . . ." They talked on the recognition of the Empire by the courts:

"Napoleon spoke with great frankness, and listened to me with marked attention. Only it is always the same thing. He speaks well, and sometimes with a true or simulated abandon, but he never takes up the arguments presented to him. He does not know how to discuss. His cold gaze, which at times is lighted by a flash, his motionless features, form an impenetrable mask; one always leaves him with the impression of not having been understood by this apparently obtuse mind, in reality perspicacious, which does not understand because it does not wish to understand, or because it will not have you perceive that he has understood you."

Elsewhere he writes:

"All eyes are fixed on the elect of the people. One scrutinizes his features, which say nothing; his eyes, which are sleepy and no more eloquent than his lips. If he opens those lips, it is to utter banalities. During his presidency, before the *Coup d'Etat*, the parliamentary leaders taxed him with stupidity and ignorance. When he spoke, or rather stammered, for the first time, Montalembert exclaimed: 'Why, this is the speech of a Swiss!' He has risen in rank: they don't call him a fool; they call him a sphinx."

Hübner saw very early through the sphinx; he felt that the Emperor meditated great changes in Europe, and he constantly warned his Government. Buol wrote to him to try to hinder Napoleon from calling himself Napoleon III.; he would not hear of the 15th of August being a national festival, as in the time of Napoleon I. "The 15th of August is not the feast-day of Louis Napoleon, nor of his uncle; it is the anniversary of the birth of the man who was the torment of Europe, and whom she placed at the bar of nations." Hübner answers: "I understand and share the legitimate indignation which the sovereigns feel at what is going on here; but I feel the duty of reporting the situation as it exists." He represented the danger of a war with France. He knew that England would give in; one after the other, the sovereigns of England, of Prussia, gave to Napoleon the title which he claimed. The marriage of the new French Emperor with Doña Eugenia de Montijo was the occasion of many interesting comments. Hübner met her for the first time at the house of Gudin the painter:

"Doña Eugenia, though pale and fatigued, was in high beauty, but overexcited to a degree which struck everybody. Two days ago the Emperor asked for her hand, but only to-night does the secret begin to transpire. After dinner, I had a long talk with the future Empress; she is very seductive."

Correspondence.

OUR NAVAL WAR CODE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of May 26, p. 403, apropos of recent incidents of the war in the Far East, you comment upon the employment of floating mines from the point of view of international law, and cite "our own Naval War Code recently issued." Allow me to call your attention to the fact that the Naval War Code, which was published with the approval of the President "for the use of the Navy and for the information of all concerned," on June 27, 1900, was revoked by the same authority on February 4, 1904—on the eve of the outbreak of war between Japan and Russia. I enclose a copy of the Navy Department's general order of that date.

Very respectfully, Frank Marble,
Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

Navy Department, Washington, May 30, 1904.

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Notes.

By a slip of the pen last week we disguised the name of the Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, who is to prepare the biography of Dr. Holmes for Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s American Men of Letters series.

The Golden Treasury series of Macmillan Co. has just been enriched by a volume of 'Poems by Thomas Campbell,' selected by Lewis Campbell, who supplies a discriminating introduction, notes, and index of first lines, and an early portrait. Campbell's verse in small part has never ceased echoing. Mr. John Bartlett, in the last edition of his 'Familiar Quotations,' allowed him 42 items, filling four pages; two-thirds of these are little likely to recur nowadays in literary usage, but the other third may well be familiar a century hence.

Ginn & Co. add to their Standard English Classics the 'Essays of Charles Lamb,' competently selected and edited for schools by Professor Wauchope of South Carolina College. He has wisely done more than reproduce the "Essays of Elia," and the general reader will be glad to have, besides, the essays on Hogarth, Shakspere, and the Elizabethan Dramatists.

We have received from J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, the first 'Social Directory of Greater Pittsburgh,' compiled by Margaret A. Winans, and very liberally and handsomely printed.

Almost anything might be gathered under the title of 'A Dictionary of Names, Nicknames, and Surnames, of Persons, Places, and Things,' such as has been compiled by Edward Latham (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is, in fact, one more "reader's handbook," of 334 pages in double columns, with no great sense of proportion in the several entries. Some lines of selection can be made out, *e. g.*, the names of the several religious denominations. Though of English provenance, the work does not neglect the United States, and perhaps we can give no better idea of its scope than by enumerating a few rubrics: *America* (the yacht), *Monitor* (the ironclad), *Hassler* expedition, *Liberator* (the newspaper), Liberty Enlightening the World (the statue), Hub of the Universe, Queen City, Tammany Hall, Molly Maguires, Fugitive Slave Law, McKinley Act, Sherman Bill, Edmunds Bill (anti-polygamy), Omnibus Bill (Clay's), Old Hickory, Old Zach, Rail-splitter, Great American Traveller, Hartford Convention, Sheridan's Ride, etc. So far as we have observed, the definitions are accurate.

Under the somewhat unpromising title, 'The Dread Inferno,' Longmans, Green & Co. have published a little volume, by M. Alice Wyld, which merits hearty commendation. Its modest sub-heading, "Notes for Beginners in the Study of Dante," gives no adequate idea of its scope: it is in reality an admirable preface to the whole 'Commedia,' although it deals nominally only with the first part. After a brief but thoughtful Introduction, it tells the story of the "Inferno," explaining fully and clearly its allegorical significance and its relation to the later *cantiche*. While the author is evidently an accomplished scholar, she makes no display of barren pedantry, but dwells constantly upon the universality of Dante's message and the directness of his appeal to a modern reader.

Mr. Arthur Henry, whose experience in 'An Island Cabin' aroused some interest, now transports us to the Catskills, and relates the construction there of 'The House in the Woods' (A. S. Barnes & Co.). While it is exasperating to read of any one's making such stupid blunders as are here narrated, a pleasant impression is produced by the account of the virtues of Mr. Henry's neighbors. A great part of the book consists of conversations in the vernacular, and the style seldom rises above the commonplace. The interest of the story lies chiefly in the description of the manner in which practical difficulties in building were surmounted.

It might seem that the public was sufficiently informed concerning industrial combinations, but Mr. H. C. Richie has been moved to add to the list of books on the subject one entitled 'Trusts and the Public Welfare' (New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.). Mr. Richie presents no new facts, furnishes little verification for his figures, and, as he appears to be a protectionist, is naturally unable to suggest any novel remedies for the evils that he deplores, unless we regard seriously the proposition that only corporations of small capital shall be allowed.

What may be called the political socialism of the present day is the subject of a work by R. C. K. Ensor, entitled 'Modern Socialism' (Charles Scribner's Sons). Very little space is given to the theories of the earlier Socialists and the systems of doctrine which they developed. Instead of these rather dreary and obsolete discussions, Mr. Ensor gives us selections from the writings of men actively engaged in carrying out socialistic principles in government. The extent to which socialism is applied in practice is now very great in England — the country where the Socialists as a party figure least. In the English colonies the experiment has been tried in its extreme form; but in some of the European countries municipal socialism has made much progress. These selections are very impressive in their showing of the extent and force of the tendency to increase the functions of government. They throw little light on the effect on the quality of government of its enlarged responsibilities.

Volumes X. and XI. of Miss Hapgood's translation of Turgeneff (Scribners) contain the short stories printed in Vol. V. of the Russian edition. Among them are "The Inn" and "The Two Friends," which, as a correspondent pointed out in the *Nation* for April 21, do not appear in Mrs. Garnett's version.

Parts 24 and 25 of the 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana 1847-1899' (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) still do not exhaust the prolific letter P. *Progetto* and *Programma* are among the longer rubrics. Silvio Pellico is a very lively classic, and fills one and a quarter pages to Petrarch's one and a half. A character comedy, published in Milan in 1871 and in Florence two years later, is entitled "Le Prigioni di Boston," and might be worth examination by the curious. The foreign contingent in these two fascicles is noticeably small. Quite the biggest gun is Ponson du Terrail, who appears to have struck the Italian chord very true. Translations of his works fill a page, and have been going on from 1858 to 1898. For a like period, 1857-1894, this may be said of Prévost's 'Manon Lescaut.' Poe's Tales took hold of the Italian fancy in 1869, and show four issues in the double decade following; his "Raven" and poems generally were adopted in 1890-92. All Prescott's historical works have been translated, 'Ferdinand and Isabella' in 1847-8, 'Philip II.' as late as 1866; but, naturally, once for all in each case.

Volume VI. of the new output of 'Meyers Grosses Conversations-Lexikon' (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) finishes the letter E and nearly exhausts F (Erdeessen—Franzén). Geography, Europe, France, the telephone, fortifications and their reduction, fire service and insurance, fish-hatcheries and fixed stars, are some of the more important articles. There is a useful alphabetical table of inventions, in which America figures well in the front on the practical side, with Fulton's Hudson River steamboat, Edison's incandescent lamp, Bell's telephone, Morse's telegraph, and the Atlantic Cable (credited to Cyrus Field in the biographical sketch of him in this volume), Goodyear's vulcanization of rubber, Howe's sewing-machine, the Remington typewriter—enormous gifts to the world. Here we observe the panorama credited to Du Crest, and its improvement to Breysig in 1792. Dr. Murray, in the latest instalment of the Oxford Dictionary, assigns it to Robert Barker, who took out his patent in 1787, but with a French designation—"la nature à coup d'œil." Some two years later he hit upon the name panorama. Barker's biographer in the Dictionary of National Biography notices the disputed origin of the idea. As the universal language Esperanto appears to be taking some hold in French scientific publications, we call attention to the account of it here. There are numerous maps of Europe in many aspects, four of France, two of Frankfort and its environs, and one of Florence, to mention a part. Add the customary cuts and full-page illustrations in black-and-white and in colors.

The garden of South America, according to Col. G. E. Church in the *Geographical Journal* for May, is the extensive region where Brazil, Bolivia, and Peru meet. Unequalled in fertility and natural resources, its trade is still carried on every year with "greater loss of health, life, and material than an active military campaign, and the human suffering is appalling." After describing the three main routes by which the rubber, its principal product, is taken to the ocean, he briefly sketches the boundary disputes which have prevented the construction of roads and railways. These, however, are apparently terminated by the treaty signed last November, which "goes far towards making the grand inland reservoir of the Amazon an international sea, to be used in common by all the republics which have rivers flowing into it." A railway is immediately to be built by Brazil with a branch into Bolivia, and both countries are to make use of it with the same privileges and tariffs. Any disagreement as to the demarcation of the new boundary lines which the two governments cannot adjust, is to be submitted to the Royal Geographical Society for arbitration. Mr. C. Russell gives an interesting account of a journey in eastern Mongolia, in which he says that the most striking peculiarity of the people "is their

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indifference to money, for which they seem literally to have no use. They place all they have at the disposal of the stranger, but no payment is expected." Peculiar also were the natives of whom Capt. Maud tells in his description of his journey to explore the East African and Abyssinian frontier territory. One tribe not only is without clothing, but builds no huts of any sort. "Rain causes them no more inconvenience than it does an antelope."

The *Annales de Géographie* for May opens with a discussion of the province of medical geography to-day. With the discovery of the causes of contagious diseases the special interest in their geographical location ceases. Instead, therefore, of volumes containing these geographical facts, such as have been recently published, a series of maps is all that is necessary. Commercial geography is represented by a suggestive study of the four great Atlantic ports of France, this first part being devoted to Nantes and Saint-Nazaire. The aim of the writer is to show the causes of the failure of these ports to secure a larger ocean traffic—their total annual tonnage being less than that of Marseilles and far inferior to that of Antwerp and Hamburg. The main cause is apparently the lack of the industrial development of the towns themselves and the adjacent country. This creates a situation best described by a French shipowner: "Too many mouths, no stomach." Marseilles, for instance, has become a manufacturing city, while Bordeaux is content to remain simply a seaport. Other articles are one upon some place names in the valleys of the Moselle and the Meuse, and an historical sketch of the iron industry in the department of the Haute-Marne—an industry which, fifty years ago, held the first rank in France, but has now almost ceased to exist.

"Raubwirtschaft," or the taking from nature without making a return, is the subject of an informing article by Dr. E. Friedrich in *Petermann's Mittcilungen*, No. 3. This robbery of nature, he remarks at the outset, is a characteristic, not of savages, but of the peoples most advanced in civilization. Several illustrations are given of the care shown by ignorant natives in preserving their food supplies. The cutting down of a cola-tree is forbidden by the chief of the Gold Coast negroes; the Australian savage may not kill birds or destroy nests. Then follows an account of the manner and extent to which civilized peoples exhaust their natural resources, mineral, agricultural, and animal. A geologic sketch of Kamchatka, by Prof. K. Bogdanovitch, is more than a mere summary of the scientific results of his year's exploration. Much information is given in regard to the country and the people, and there is a graphic account of crossing a mountain pass in winter, during which the expedition was buried in the snow for two days. Topographic and geologic charts of unusual excellence accompany the paper.

A lively discussion of the great walls of Babylon is being carried on in the journal of the German Orientgesellschaft between Dr. Koldewey, the leader of the Society's excavating expedition in Babylon, and Dr. Delitzsch, its president. More exactly stated, the point at issue is the course of the two walls, Imgur-Bel and Nimitti-Bel, so frequently mentioned in the inscriptions. Koldewey claims to have found these on the chief hill of the city, the Kasr; the Imgur-Bel being the wall of the so-called South Castle and the Nimitti-Bel that of the North Castle immediately adjoining, which was fortified by Nebuchadnezzar. Delitzsch maintains that Koldewey has made the precincts encircled by these walls entirely too narrow. He also maintains that the Nimitti-Bel is shown by certain inscriptions to have been older than the time of Nebuchadnezzar. He argues largely, too, on philological grounds.

The Société des Antiquaires de France, the oldest and largest archæological society in the country, has just celebrated its first centennial, the meeting being held in the Louvre, with Paul Durrien as president. Among other works in honor of this event is the publication of a magnificent archæological volume entitled 'Livre d'Or.'

In consequence of the destruction of so many valuable manuscripts by the burning of the Library of Turin, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres in Paris at its last meeting decided to have photographic reproductions made of the most important manuscripts under its charge, so that in case of a loss of the originals at least these copies would be preserved. This resolution was taken at the earnest solicitation of men like Salomon Reinach, Paul Meyer, and Dieulafoy. A bill has already been introduced in the Legislature to set aside the sum of one hundred thousand francs for this purpose, to be applied first to the use of the public libraries of France.

For the International Archæological Congress, which has been called to meet in Athens in the Easter season of 1905, arrangements are being made on an extensive scale, and an exceptionally large number of important questions will be brought up for discussion. The arrangement committee expects to secure favorable action on the publication of a bibliographical Annual of Archæology, international in scope. Then an Ephemeris of Greek inscriptions is to be issued, on the model of the publication of the same character dealing with Latin inscriptions, but fuller and to appear more promptly. Especial efforts are to be made to secure the publication of a comprehensive collection of Greek inscriptions in more handy form and cheaper than the great Berlin Corpus. The proposed collection of Christian and Byzantine inscriptions is practically the same as the Corpus Inscriptionum Christianarum planned by a number of French scholars. Another matter suggested by the arrangement committee is the introduction of archæological instruction in the secondary schools.

—With deep regret we announce the death of Dr. Robert Porter Keep at Farmington, Conn., on June 3 of pneumonia. A more genuine scholar or earnest and enlightened educator is seldom to be met with. He had just passed his sixtieth birthday, and was looking forward to a fresh career of usefulness as head of the famous school for girls bequeathed to him by his aunt, the late Miss Sarah Porter. Graduating from Yale in 1865, he was from 1869 to 1871 United States Consul at Peiræus, conformably to his interest in the Greek language and antiquities. From 1876 to 1885, he was teacher of Greek in Williston Seminary at Easthampton, Mass., and from 1885 to 1903 head of the flourishing Free Academy at Norwich, Conn. This position he abandoned in order to return to his birthplace and take charge of the Farmington School. The new responsibility was aggravated by a dissension in the teaching force which led to a serious secession, and to partisan animadversions in the press which belied his simple integrity. For such wrangling he was ill fitted, and he preferred to bear in silence, keeping straight upon his path. His personality was full of gentleness and mellow sweetness, in grain fine above the common, of high tone and aspiration. Soon after he was established at Easthampton he became a contributor to the *Nation*, and such he remained, if intermittently, to the day of his death. The last review from his pen was that of the Life of Edward Bowen in our issue of May 26 (No. 2030). His best-known work is his Homeric Dictionary.

—The leading article in the *Atlantic*, in food for thought as in position, is the paper by John H. Denison on the "Great Delusion of Our Time." The delusion in question is the idea that the scientific progress of the past century has given us the final criteria of truth, putting us in an intellectual position in comparison with which the great intellects of the past are to the thinkers of our day as pygmies to giants. Mr. Denison applies to this conceit the touchstone of our success in dealing with the great social problems of our time, showing that the most advanced thinkers among those who would treat such questions by the methods of physical evolution, have nothing better to offer us than the theory of war to the death for the upper hand—the primitive philosophy of the Troglodyte. The second instalment of Ruskin's correspondence with Professor Norton reveals him for the most part beating his wings ineffectually against the many bars which shut him off from the paths he would have followed. In this period of doubt and depression it is interesting to find repeated tributes to the helpfulness of the writings of Lowell, with which Professor Norton kept him supplied from time to time. "I have written your initials and mine in the two volumes of Lowell (how delightful the new prefaces to the Fable!). He does me more good in my dull fits than anybody, and makes me hopeful again. What a beautiful face he has!" Col. Higginson, for once detaching himself from the great social interests of his life, contributes a readable paper on "Butterflies in Poetry." It must be due merely to a slip of memory that we find no mention of Lowell's "Fountain of Youth," with its yellow butterflies wavering over the goat's-beard and asters,

> "Like souls of dead flowers,
> With aimless emotion
> Still lingering unready
> To leave their old bowers."

—The beginning of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Marriage of William Ashe," in the June *Harper's*, gives the editor the text for some interesting paragraphs on Mrs. Ward's place in contemporary fiction. She has shown, he thinks, a distinct and steady progress away from mental specialties toward the catholicity which is now a striking feature of her work. In her fuller development, the instinct for pure art leads her to such self-detachment as will allow life to utter itself after its own patterns, whether native or conventional. Mrs. Ward's choice is to deal with the conventional, showing

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her readers human life in its structural harmonies, not searching down nearest the soil for her characters, as George Eliot and Thomas Hardy. Her appeal, then, we are told, is distinctively to the "polite"; and the large audience which she has built up is almost a proof that culture itself has become popular, using the word in its best sense, and not as applied to the "popular" books which make such a display in the marketplace. And yet she gets close to nature in her own way. The deeply passionate heart is there, the elemental note is heard, though modulated by the conventional forms of refined modern society. Professor Lounsbury continues his studies in English usage with a paper on the expressions *had liefer, had rather,* and *had better.* Mr. Swinburne contributes a six-page poem on "The Altar of Righteousness," not very easy June reading for the literary man, but well calculated to draw the fire of the theologian.

—In its table of contents the June *Century* certainly "makes a record" in number of entries, the different items, large and small, aggregating fifty. This is due to the determination of the editor that each State and Territory west of the Alleghanies shall be represented in a distinctively Western issue, a generosity not likely to be appreciated in every instance. Doubtless Utah, for example, would have been better pleased to be passed over in silence, just now, than to find the longest article in the whole number devoted to her "peculiar institution." Mormonism has been so thoroughly ventilated, both in its good points and in its bad, that the writer of this particular paper, Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, can hardly be blamed for his failure to bring out anything new. Ohio contributes several plums to the pudding, most noticeable among which is a sonnet by John Hay, "Thanatos Athanatos," set in marginal decorations by R. Weir Crouch, and confronted by a fine reproduction of Sargent's portrait of the author. It may be safely said that the critic does not live who could read these supposed locally representative productions without the names of the authors and assign to one-half of them their correct geographical distribution. The mixing agencies are so great that almost any production in the list before us might readily have been produced by any one of many widely separated localities. Solon H. Borglum is included as "a sculptor of the prairie," but his artistic ambition did not lay hold of him seriously during the years of his prairie life in Nebraska. He was born in Utah, and his serious study of sculpture has been pursued first in California, then in Cincinnati, next in Paris, and still later among the Indians of the Crow Creek Reservation in South Dakota. All in all, the *Century* has demonstrated rather the growing cosmopolitanism of all parts of the country than the local peculiarities of any. Our literary democracy bids fair to be relentlessly true to its theory, and develop its brains equally in all parts of its body.

—The distinctively Western number of the *Century* is strongly supplemented in the other leading June magazines. Reuben Gold Thwaites contributes to *Scribner's* an article of sixteen pages on the recently discovered personal records of Lewis and Clark, with illustrations from the documents themselves, and from family relics, supplied by the present owners, Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis and Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis of New York city. The few extracts given from this new material amply justify the assertion of Mr. Thwaites that it is aglow with human interest. The find is especially opportune, since it makes it possible to give to the world practically all the original records of the expedition in time for the Lewis and Clark Centennial, to be celebrated in Portland, Oregon, in 1905. Henry Loomis Nelson, in *Harper's,* endeavors to characterize "the Middle West," in distinction from adjoining regions. The democracy of this section, he thinks, is more real and impressive to those who like democracy, and at the same time more oppressive to those who do not. At heart, however, it is essentially sound, and a product of which no one need feel ashamed. It is here, we are told, that one finds the largest aggregate of the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries of everyday life. An Ohioan will hardly know what Mr. Nelson means by the statement that the New England town meeting, along with the New England prayer meeting, has moved onward through the Mohawk Valley and settled down in Ohio and the neighboring States. The prayer meeting was effectively transplanted, but the town meeting never got its roots into vital connection with Ohio soil. In the *Atlantic* we get a bit of the West in detail, in Meredith Nicholson's appreciative study of Indianapolis. It is essentially a city of homes and home-loving people, we are told; exceptionally prosperous on the average, but not so dominated by millionaires that the owner of a quarter of a million cannot be called rich. Its people are cultivated, yet simple; able to read their Emerson or Browning in the evening, and yet not too proud to go into the public marketplace next morning and pick out their own yellow-legged chicken for dinner. The city has not aspired to catch the quick pace of Chicago, but finds its kindred spirit rather in Baltimore, Washington, or Hartford. We are somewhat puzzled over the story of an Indianapolis Federal judge, who had the habit of locking the door of his office to the end that some attorney, calling on business, might listen to an Horatian ode. Are we to find the explanation in the fact that an Indianapolis judge loved Horace, or that Indianapolis attorneys would listen to Horace only under lock and key?

—It was a happy thought to notice the centenary of the death of Alexander Hamilton by republishing in handsome form and in a limited edition William Coleman's 'Collection,' first issued in 1804. The Burr-Hamilton duel will always possess a romantic interest from the characters of the men involved, and the tragic ending has blinded us to certain defects in Hamilton's qualities quite as much as it has emphasized the evil side of Burr's reputation. The bitterness of political conflict led the greater man to exert his high abilities in disrupting his party, and thereby hasten its permanent defeat; the bitterness of political disappointment led Burr to seek vengeance against the man who had been so powerful an opponent, and whose very existence meant a closure of all avenues of preferment in State and national administration. The shock given to the community is reflected in this Collection, which was compiled by a friend and warm admirer. "I have lost my best earthly friend, my ablest adviser, and my most generous and disinterested patron," said Coleman, who wished to show his gratitude by defending Hamilton's memory against the attacks of his enemies, and "to silence the voice of calumny forever." The extravagance of panegyric is noticeable throughout, but the sincere grief of a friend excuses much, and the general horror expressed at the needless sacrifice of a brilliant career through a barbarous custom gives the compilation a social value apart from the personal. Bishop Seymour of Illinois is responsible for the reprint, and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers. A table of contents and an index should have been inserted.

—While the total attendance at the twenty-two German universities last term was 37,881 regular students, at the fourteen French universities it was 30,405. Of this number Paris alone reports about two-fifths, namely, 12,948. In Germany there is no such preponderance of a single institution. Berlin, indeed, leads with an enrolment of 7,503, but Munich is a good second with 6,609, and Leipzig closely follows with 3,772. These constitute the three great German universities; only one other, Bonn, with 2,294, passing the two thousand mark. After Paris come in order Bordeaux, with 2,320; Toulouse, with 2,191; Montpellier, with 1,707; Nancy, with 1,327; Rennes, with 1,190; Lille, with 1,164; Aix-Marseille, with 1,081; Dijon, with 880; Poitiers, with 863; Caen, with 752; Grenoble, with 705; Besançon, with 333; and Clermont, with 299. According to faculties, the distribution in the French universities is as follows: 10,972 in the law department, 6,686 in the medical, 4,765 in that of natural science, 4,384 in the philosophico-philological, and 3,014 in the pharmaceutical. The total number of foreigners is about two thousand, while Germany, for the same term, reports 3,114, showing that the systematic efforts put forth by the French during recent years to attract foreigners have only partially succeeded. In both countries the Russians head this contingent, being 973 in Germany and 450 in France. Rather singularly, in France the next on the list are the Persians, with some 200, nearly all in the medical faculty. In German universities the Persians are practically not represented at all, the small Asiatic enrolment being chiefly Japanese. The Turks also seem to prefer France to Germany, the numbers being respectively 371 and 113. The opposite is true of the Americans, for Germany claims 321, and France only 57. The enrolment of women is practically the same in the two countries, being 1,129 in France and a few more in Germany. Of the 448 non-French women nearly all are Russian. The newly organized universities in France, which came into existence through the law of 1877, and which have always had up-hill work to hold their own against the educational centralization in Paris, complain that matters have been made worse by the new arrangements according to which the École Normale in Paris, formerly an independent school, has now been made the pedagogical seminary of the Paris University. In the Paris *Siècle,* Professor Clédat of Lyons protests against this innovation, as it takes away from the Faculté des Lettres in the

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provinces their best students. He fears that the present educational policy of the Government will, in the course of time, mean the destruction of the provincial universities.

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The Life of Edward FitzGerald. By Thomas Wright. In two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

Nearly a generation has passed since the death of Edward FitzGerald. In the early eighties he was known to a very few discriminating persons as the translator of Omar, and to many more as the intimate friend of more famous men, such as Thackeray and Tennyson, and Spedding, the editor of Bacon. That the reputation of FitzGerald has gradually disengaged itself from the second-hand immortality of affectionate references in the biographies of others, is mainly due to Mr. Aldis Wright, who in 1889 published his 'Letters and Literary Remains,' following them up with further 'Letters,' including those to Fanny Kemble, and 'Miscellanies,' and finally, in 1903, with the *édition de luxe* of FitzGerald's complete 'Works,' which is likely to remain the standard edition. In his preface to the first series of 'Letters' in 1889, Mr. Aldis Wright remarked that they were a sufficient record of a life that was too contemplative to lend itself to a formal biography. But nowadays Fitzgerald is a popular poet. All who read poetry read Omar; and since "the Philosophy of it is one that, Alas! never fades in the World," Omar is a favorite with many who never look between the covers of any other poet of the Victorian era. Last year died E. B. Cowell, professor of Sanskrit at Cambridge, the only begetter of the English Omar, since but for his influence FitzGerald might never have read Persian. He was the last survivor of the half-dozen friends whom FitzGerald loved so sincerely, saw so seldom, took no trouble to see. That is the time to write a man's life—when no feelings can be hurt, while the memory of his actual personality and habits has not had time to fade.

Mr. Thomas Wright proved his sympathy with the life of contemplation by his biography of Cowper. FitzGerald's personality and his poems are nearer and dearer than Cowper's to our generation, and Mr. Wright might have spared us a good deal of the preface, which insists too much on the novelties that he has to offer, and is as undignified as a publisher's advertisement of the latest sensation. To consider first the new material which he tabulates, he has consulted, as of course any biographer would, a great number of unpublished letters. He has discovered that the original of Phidippus in 'Euphranor' was W. Kenworthy Browne—an identification which he regards as one of the "most interesting revelations" of his work. Browne was very dear to FitzGerald, his ideal man, a country squire not unacquainted with letters, who was possibly, though not certainly, as Mr. Wright affirms, the model for Pendennis. A biographer must not, of course, conceal the weaknesses of his subject, as though he were the hero of a novel. But he should refrain from dwelling on his maudlin moods. Considering what he calls his "vegetable blood," "Fitz" was easily carried away by his amiable tendency to idealize his friends. One of these enthusiasms he lavished on Browne. Mr. Wright, however, quotes nothing to prove that for him this amiable country gentleman was at once "Jonathan, Gamaliel, Apollo—the friend, the master, the god; there was scarcely a limit to his devotion and admiration; and literary history offers no parallel to the conjuncture" (p. 158). In 1859, Browne died from a fall from his horse. Five years later FitzGerald formed an intimacy with the sailor Fletcher, whom he nicknamed "Posh." Mr. Wright is so proud of his discoveries of what really filled that uneventful life at Woodbridge that he devotes sixty-two pages to "The Yacht and Posh" and "Chiefly Posh." If Fitz at sixty was an old fool, we must of course face the fact, but why dwell on it?

From the "thirty-two new anecdotes" advertised by his biographer we select the following about "Posh":

"When Posh was at Woodbridge, no food or drink was good enough for him. On one occasion, after an imperial feast, Alfred Smith being present, Posh felt inclined for a rest and laid himself full length on the sofa. 'Poor fellow,' said FitzGerald, in sincere tones, 'look how tired he is.' 'It seems to me,' said Mr. Smith, 'that you have made him half drunk with your old Scotch ale.' . . . He could scarcely bear to have his 'great man' out of sight. In letters he addressed him as 'My old Stull,' 'My dear old Swiper.' . . . One day a gentleman stepped towards Posh and asked some question about the wind and tide. Suddenly FitzGerald made up to them, and, taking Posh by the guernsey, pulled him away, saying to the stranger, 'This is *my* guest.' 'He made me,' commented Posh, 'to look a complete cake.' So unusual, indeed, was FitzGerald's behavior that many Lowestoft people took him for a madman, and Posh for his keeper."

The chapter which has the suggestive title "Chiefly Posh" is, indeed, devoted chiefly to reminiscences of this dubious sort, reported to Mr. Wright by Mr. Alfred Smith and Posh himself. FitzGerald's disillusion came at last. Posh took to drink, and a rather melancholy situation becomes humorous when one observes the translator of Omar, the poet of the tavern, laboring in vain to convert his fallen idol to the pleasures of total abstinence. Yet, as late as 1877, we must needs be assured, in the chapter on Fanny Kemble, that FitzGerald is "still full of his Great Man and his Great Man's lugger, house, dog, cat, bird, brother, father, mother, wife, and baby" (p. 168).

Mr. Wright does not give his authority for the "discovery" that FitzGerald was in love with Caroline Crabbe, the granddaughter of the poet (p. 163). But his statement in another connection (p. 93) that we shall never know what sort of letters he wrote to her, implies that his evidence is not direct. FitzGerald was singularly indifferent to women. Their society amused him on occasion, and he was on friendly terms with several. The charming verses on the death of Anne Allen, published in the 'Miscellanies,' tempt Mr. Wright to suspect on the part of FitzGerald a feeling more intense than friendship. We quote from this short lyric, which should take its place in Victorian anthologies, where FitzGerald figures as the poet of a small though independent field. He had, in fact, a fairly wide range of poetic activity, and though he thought on the publication of 'In Memoriam' that "the world wants other notes than elegiac now," he could, when he pleased, write such elegy as the following:

"The wind blew keenly from the western sea
And drove the dead leaves slanting from the tree—
Vanity of vanities, the Preacher saith—
Heaping them up before her father's door,
When I saw her whom I shall see no more—
We cannot bribe thee, Death.

. . . . . .

Idly they gaze upon her empty place,
Her kiss hath faded from her father's face:
She is with thee, O Death."

Only one woman left her mark on the life of FitzGerald, and that was the one who embittered the last twenty-seven years of it—his wife. He was born an old bachelor, and born indolent. At thirty-five he takes the tone of a man of seventy: "A little Bedfordshire—a little Northamptonshire—a little more folding of the hands—the same faces—the same fields—the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of road. My garden is covered with yellow and brown leaves. . . . My parsons come and smoke with me." The wish to exert one's self, "the highest wish a FitzGerald can form," he never formed. At forty he shrank from travelling twenty miles. He could only envy the acquisitive and capacious souls of other men. An early marriage, or another woman, might have electrified him into ambition; but he was forty-seven when, against his better judgment and the warnings of his friends, he married Lucy Barton, a formal, conventional old maid, as unadaptable as himself. He thought her no better than a cannibal because she would not adopt his "Lenten fare"; she disliked his slovenly clothes and unsociable habits. Cheyne Row was a dovecote to the FitzGerald ménage. To the proud and sensitive soul of FitzGerald the vulgar contest of wills, the small tyrannies of a fussy martinet, soon became intolerable. An informal separation ended the six months of married life, and though on her visits to Woodbridge he occasionally encountered his wife, they never again exchanged speech. Once, when he and Posh were walking through Woodbridge, "a lady approached them, taking off her glove. FitzGerald said in an undertone with tremor: 'It's my wife,' and, removing his glove, he advanced to meet her. He put out his hand, and their fingertips had all but touched when he turned round suddenly and, seizing the sailor's guernsey, said, 'Come along, Posh,' and they walked silently away."

Literary criticism is not Mr. Wright's strong point. We could have spared a good many of his pages on Persian, Spanish, and Greek literature; on the other hand, we should have looked for a closer psychological study of FitzGerald himself. It is as though he had not realized the contradictions that make the translator of Omar an enigma. Here was a man born and bred in the heavy air of "Silly Suffolk," the Bœotia of England, content with its rather dull and colorless landscape, content to see Italy through Frederic Tennyson's eyes, and India through Cowell's. At the time when he was revising Omar and translating the "Agamemnon," he was absorbed in a sentimental and foolish attachment to Posh. Yet he could sing without a touch of sentimentality about roses and the moon and nightingales—a real triumph for a British poet. He bought bad pictures and was convinced that they were Titians, but he never made a mistake in the coloring of

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his words. His imagination was Hebraic under that British surface. His anemones in spring are "to blow Tyrian dyes"; the cliffs cut sea and sky

"As silver scissors slice a blue brocade."

Finally, from the provincial atmosphere of Woodbridge he sent out a picture of the East, its fatalism, its joy of life, its *carpe diem* philosophy that has forever driven out Tom Moore's Persian artificialities and poured a new spirit into the old mould which was cast by generations of disillusioned poets, from Mimnermus down.

Mr. Wright's industry in collecting facts about the mad FitzGeralds and their friends extends to the illustrations, which are numerous and interesting. He has added no less than sixteen appendices, dealing with pedigrees, parish registers, and bibliographies. At the end he reproduces some pages of a commonplace book containing sketches by FitzGerald. The general getup of the book is very attractive. On page 120 Prof. C. E. Norton is spoken of as "of New York," which was true neither in 1873 nor at any other date.

THE PHŒNICIANS AND THE ODYSSEY.

Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée. Par Victor Bérard. Volume II. Paris: Armand Colin. 1903. Pp. 638.

In this volume Bérard concludes his arguments in favor of the thesis that the Odyssey is a Phœnician *periplus*, or *portulan*, anthropomorphized into a Greek poem. Each of the stories of the poem, according to his view, is simply the development of some phrase found in the original nautical directions for Semitic sailors; and though the poet gave the poem some embellishments, and some literary quality by the choice of words and arrangement of episodes, yet it contains still more exact, scientific, geographical truth. And as the wanderings of Ulysses are based on a Phœnician *portulan*, the story of the wanderings of Menelaus is founded on an Egyptian tale, which reached the Greek poet through the Phœnicians. "The Semite furnished the block of marble; from this the Greek carved the statue." "The poet was a Greek, but Ulysses was a Phœnician." The poet "gave human life and personality to words, things, or beings mentioned in the *periplus*." Thus, the cave of the Cyclops is identified with the "Grotto of Sejanus," the tunnel more than half a mile in length through the rock of Posilipo, of which one sees the mouth on the road from Naples to Pozzuoli. The tunnel was made near the beginning of our era, but our author believes a cavity must have existed previously to suggest the tunnel. The Cyclopes themselves are Oscans, who "may have been cannibals" a thousand years before Christ, and whom strangers naturally would strive to conciliate with gifts of wine, such as Ulysses offered as a libation to Polyphemus. The smoke of the Cyclopes which Ulysses saw from a neighboring island was the fumes from the craters, Solfatara and the rest, which explain also the thick mist about the Achæan ships as they came to land. The little island on which the Greeks landed was Nisida, just off Posilipo, but the story of its being frequented by wild goats was borrowed from Goat Island (*Capri*) across the bay. Polyphemus himself was one of the neighboring volcanoes, each of which, when seen on a relief map, gives the impression of being a round eye. Each crater is independent, like the Cyclopes, and does not disturb its neighbors, but may belch forth disagreeable things and even throw rocks. Thus, one of these volcanoes became a thrower of rocks and a devourer of men, and the poet assigned to it the rude customs of the Oscans. Indeed, it was not wholly anthropomorphized, for the poet says expressly that Polyphemus was "not like to a bread-eating man, but to a woody summit of lofty mountains which appears alone apart from the rest." Our author thinks that a page or two from Achæan pastoral life may have been inserted in this story of the Cyclops and his flocks, but yet perhaps all was taken from the *periplus*.

Similarly, the thunny fishery on the coast of Sardinia is thought to suggest to the poet the massacre of Ulysses' companions by the Læstrygonians, and the chase of sword-fish and sea-dogs on the shores of Sicily was the basis for the horrible deeds of Scylla. In order to leave the grotto of Calypso, Ulysses builds a raft, not a boat, because on the Spanish shores near Gibraltar such barges were used by the natives. The hero is brought twice to the island of Æolus, simply to show first the kindly reception granted when the north wind blows, and second the inhospitable rage of Stromboli with the wind from the south; for Æolus, the master of the winds, is a volcano as well as Polyphemus, and evidence is adduced to prove not only that, in the belief of mariners, Stromboli is a good barometer, but that the activity of the volcano is affected by the direction of the wind.

If the author were an ordinary literary man, and had published his views in a monthly magazine, the reader would doubt either his seriousness or his learning; but his scholarship is beyond question, and the two volumes of more than 1,200 large pages, with more than 240 maps, plans, and other illustrations, leave no doubt that he is in earnest. He is an accomplished scholar, a professed geographer, and an influential writer on political questions. He undertakes to identify every site mentioned in the Odyssey—not merely approximately but exactly, such confidence has he in the poet's strict adherence to the topographical details of his Phœnician authority.

In the first volume of this work, as our readers may remember, he discussed the travels of Telemachus, and endeavored to determine the site of Calypso's island at the foot of Monkey Mountain, just outside of the Straits of Gibraltar, on the African side, and that of the city of the Phæacians, on the west side of the island of Corfu. In this volume, he follows Ulysses on his wanderings, to the land of the Cicones (Marona, opposite Kavala, in Thrace), thence to the land of the Lotus Eaters (Aghir, on the island of Djerba, near the Lesser Syrtis), thence to the island opposite Polyphemus's land (Nisida, near Posilipo), thence to the island of Æolus (Stromboli), and, after a vain attempt to reach Ithaca, to the Læstrygonians (Porto Pozzo, on the north coast of Sardinia), to Circe's palace (Monte Circeo, on the coast between Naples and Rome), then to the house of Hades (on Lake Avernus, near Naples), then, after a brief call at Circe's dwelling, past the rocks of the Sirens (the Galli, just south of Sorrento, in the bay of Paestum), and Scylla (at the Strait of Messina), to the island of the Sun (just north of the harbor of Messina), and to Cape Schiso, just south of Taormina. Thence, of course, to Calypso's island, and finally to Ithaca.

The most obvious criticism on the work before us is that the poem does not afford indications sufficiently distinct to determine the exact geographical position of these sites. Take, for example, the land of the Lotus Eaters. On their way from Troy, as Ulysses and his companions were rounding one of the southern promontories of Peloponnesus, Cape Malea, "the Cape Horn of ancient navigation," the current and the north wind carried them past Cythera, and for nine days they "were borne by destructive winds over the fishy sea," but on the tenth day they came to the land of the Lotus Eaters. Ulysses sent for information three of his companions, who were received hospitably by the Lotus Eaters, and who enjoyed the fruits so heartily that they must be brought back to their ship by force. Sailing thence, they came to the land of the Cyclopes. That the Lotus Eaters dwelt to the south of Greece is clear, for Ulysses was borne by a north wind; but the poet gives no indication either of the direction or of the length of the voyage from their land to that of the Cyclopes. Only a bold scholar would dare to select a particular harbor on the Libyan coast for the home of the Lotus Eaters; the Homeric boat could land on any sandy shore. For the visit of Ulysses to Hades, Bérard follows views which are reported by the geographer Strabo. The house of Hades is taken literally; it is the Grotto of the Sibyl, and the hot spring on the west shore of the Lucrine Lake is Homer's Pyriphlegethon. Ulysses does not enter Hades, but the souls come forth; he sees neither the Asphodel Plain nor the rivers of the lower world. The pit into which he makes sacrifice is outside of Hades. His expedition to Hades has nothing in common with the descents of Orpheus and of Heracles, but is to be compared rather with the evocation of the spirit of Samuel for Saul by the Witch of Endor. The seer Tiresias himself is nearly related to the Semitic Sibyl.

As for Ithaca, our author will none of Dörpfeld's view that the Homeric Ithaca was not the classical Ithaca, but Leucas. A sufficient argument for him is the fact that Leucas is not an island, though it is very much like one, and is represented as such on some maps; but such a scruple does not hinder him from determining a promontory of the mainland of Italy to be Circe's Island, since it looks like an island when viewed from certain points, and the notion of an island may have been transferred to it from some neighboring islands. Similarly, he grants that the rock between Ithaca and Samos cannot have been the Homeric island Asteris "with twin harbors,"—but he finds these harbors on Samos, a mile or two away, and believes the poet misunderstood the condensed statement of the *periplus*. The *periplus* clearly did not state distances, and similarly our author neglects to mark the scale on some of his maps. That, in general, he has respect for tradition, is evident from his accepting Avernus and the promontory of Circe, and the isle of the Sirens, as well as Scylla and Charybdis; but his readiness to depart from tradition is shown by his placing the cave of Polyphe-

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mus near Naples, the Island of the Sun on Sicily, and by many other identifications. He enjoys finding fine cattle in the Island of the Sun, goats on Ithaca, and swine near the dwelling of Circe, and Mme. Bérard's photographs present these animals to the reader.

As in the former volume, Bérard makes little use of archæological evidence, possibly because little of this can be offered in support of his thesis. Nor does he make much use of philology in the strict sense of the term. Three times he attempts to amend the text of Homer, but twice violates most openly fixed metrical rules, proposing σύβοτος for βούβοτος (υυυ for -υυ) in Odyssey xiii. 246, and κλειστός for κλυτός (-υ for υυ) in Odyssey xv. 472. He implies (page 608) that the Homeric "language of the gods" may have been Phœnician; clearly ignorant that the words which the poet ascribes to the speech of the gods in general have a perfectly distinct Greek etymology. He gives to the sea god Proteus—whom he thinks to be derived from the Egyptian Prouti, as he thinks Pharos to be connected with Pharaoh—a black wig, which he illustrates from Egyptian customs, but this wig is due to a misinterpretation of Odyssey iv. 402. In general, however, his minor interpretations are exact.

Bérard's interpretation of the story of the Læstrygonians involves more false and forced exegesis than any other part of the work. The Homeric passage offers few difficulties, as it is understood by most scholars. Ulysses on his wanderings comes to this land, where the shepherd, as he drives out his flock, hails his comrade who is driving home his flock—where a "sleepless" man (*i. e.*, one who needs no sleep) could win double wages, one by tending kine and another by pasturing sheep—for near are the ways of night and day. This seems to be based on some one's reminiscences of the short nights of summer in the extreme north, where morning comes almost immediately after nightfall: a man who could work for twenty-four hours in the day naturally would earn double wages. Since Bérard assigns the Læstrygonians to Sardinia, he cannot accept the explanation of short nights and long days. The verse about the ways of night and day is to him only a riddle; the way of night is the road leading to the north, the way of day is the road leading to the south, both of which set out from the same place. The mountaineers of northern Sardinia are tall as giants, and the thunny fishery there, as we have seen, suggests the destruction of the Achæans and their boats in the harbor. That shepherd hails shepherd reminds him of bucolic amœbean verses, and that the Sardinians are noted for their improvisations, and a "sleepless" man is an intelligent, "wide-awake" man, who would gain a double prize in these contests of improvisation which were noted in the *periplus*. The name of the neighboring Corsica is interpreted from the Semitic, as from a root to 'devour' or 'tear.' This suggested to the poet the cannibalism of the king, and also the king's name *Antiphates*, from the figurative meaning, 'tear' or 'contradict.'

Scholars are not likely to accept Bérard's identifications of most of the Ulyssean sites. As for the main thesis of the book, which assumes for the Phœnicians not simply a general thalassocracy, but also a thousand trading posts in the Mediterranean, and a close connection between Phœnicians and Greeks, the evidence gained from the archæological researches of the last thirty years has tended distinctly to limit the sphere of Phœnician influence in Greece. For example, an important work by Maass, published a year ago, seems to show conclusively not only that the Corinthian Melikertes has no connection with the Phœnician Melkarth, which has been universally assumed and acknowledged, but also that no clear traces of the Phœnicians are to be found in Corinthian history; and very recently, in the thorough investigations of Hiller von Gärtringen on the island of Thera, where, according to Herodotus, an early colony of Phœnicians had settled, no Phœnician remains have been found. The problem of the relations between Phœnicia and Greece is one of the most interesting which archæology holds before itself. Dr. Dörpfeld, of the German Institute at Athens, in the hope of contributing to the solution of this problem, has obtained permission to make excavations on the Minoan promontory of Megara, and also in Palestine, but of these excavations no news has come.

The volume before us, like its predecessor, contains a vast amount of detailed information with regard to travel in Greek and Italian waters, with careful study of the winds and routes. For example, of these large pages, 135 are devoted to the kingdom of Ulysses—Ithaca and the neighboring seas and lands—forming a better account in many respects than has been published elsewhere. Many of the 144 illustrations of the volume occupy each an entire page, mostly reproductions of Admiralty charts, and of photographs which are due to Mme. Bérard's skill. The theory is presented in an enticing way. The style is agreeable and the arguments are plausible. The book is provided with an elaborate set of indexes.

Classical philologists in general have reviewed this book rather delicately, manifestly fearing that Bérard's Semitic etymologies might prove to have cogent force sufficient to balance the weakness of his argument when viewed from the Greek side alone, but one of the most competent of Semitic scholars allows the present reviewer to quote the following from a private utterance:

"Bérard's attempts to show the Semitic origin of Homeric names and terms are nearly all worthless. Out of the large number which he gives, there are only two or three (and these long known) which could be called probable; the great majority are flatly impossible. As for his 'doublets,' such as Leucadia=Phæacia, connected with 'the root *bâhâk*' (p. 116), they remind one of the little game in which 'lazy dog' is proved the equivalent of 'autograph letter': a lazy dog is a slow pup, a slope up is an inclined plane, an ink-lined plane is a written page; and so on. This is a method in which there are great possibilities. In the phonetic equations of pages 146 and 380, he has confused two entirely distinct letters of the Semitic alphabet—a blunder fatal to his argument, and one which almost any first-year student would have avoided. On pages 62, 83, 323, 327 he bases his argument on assertions which are absolutely false, and in each case regarding matters about which there is not, nor ever has been, any question at all. On page 76 he says, speaking of the old popular etymologies: 'Les marins de tous les temps ont accepté ces jolis calembours; mais il est impossible de les répéter avec confiance.' This sentence suggests the only possible use to be made of M. Bérard's own etymologies; beyond question, those to whom they should be told are the marines."

Trusts of To-day: Facts relating to their Promotion, Financial Management, and the Attempts at State Control. By Gilbert Holland Montagu. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

As a convenient compendium of facts relating to Trusts—mostly drawn from the Report of the Industrial Commission, made two years ago—Mr. Montagu's book has its value; but as a contribution to the solution of the "Trust problem" it seems to us inconclusive. In his preface he says that the facts "clearly define the Trust problem"; but his definition, as given at page 32, is as elusive as balanced phrases can make it. First he enumerates a class of evils springing from industrial combination, which are said to be "inherent" in every "practical monopoly"—the temptation to *raise* prices, to get discrimination from railroads, to *lower* prices for the purpose of crushing out rivals, to corrupt legislation, and to "depress individual initiative." These evils are declared to be "as alarming as ever," and to them must be added a second class, "likely to be more ruinous than the first." These arise from the "prevalent form and method of organization," and are unscrupulous promotion, over-capitalization, and bad management. From these premises, we reach the "Trust problem," which is stated in the following terms:

"If the Trust deserves to live, the savings of combinations must be found real and legitimate; the first class of evils, flowing from the mere fact of monopoly, *must be proved either self-corrective or able to be corrected by statute*; the second class of evils, resulting from the particular form assumed in the organization of existing combinations, *must be shown to be self-corrective or capable of correction by statute.*"

We have quoted this *in extenso* because it reveals the fact that the Trust problem means so many different things that it is really incapable of exact definition. It is in reality a vague term for a number of evils, real and imaginary, which are supposed to be the growth of combinations of capital, and which present not one, but a variety of practical questions, some of them economic, some of them legal, which can be disposed of by no one answer at all.

Mr. Montagu's book is valuable in throwing light on the subsidiary questions into which the Trust problem resolves itself, and we strongly recommend it for that purpose to our readers. While we by no means agree with him at all points, his treatment of the subject is fair, and, of course, facts are facts. For instance, a great deal has been said as to the tariff being the "Mother of Trusts," because protective duties give the great combinations a monopoly of the home market, while the tariff wall enables them to undersell the foreign manufacturer in his own. The Steel Corporation is thus enabled to sell rails here at $28 per ton, while it is at the same time able to make a profit on sales abroad at $20—the difference, $8 per ton, being tribute levied on American railroads. But it seems that manufacturers independent of the Trust make exactly the same profit. The tribute, says Mr. Montagu, is due only to the tariff, and a combination of companies is no better off in this respect than any one company. Hence, it is not true that the tariff is the *causa causans* of Trusts.

On the subject of "over-capitalization" Mr. Montagu does not appear to us to be

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clear. His idea that over-capitalization can be measured by the difference between the par value of a security and the price on the Stock Exchange is open to the serious objection that the latter is always fluctuating, and fluctuates so enormously that the same corporation may by this test be over-capitalized to the extent of hundreds of millions at a given date, and a year or two later the earnings and standing of the concern may be such as to bring the market value to the level of par—or vastly above it. In the latter case the company must be under-capitalized, but we never hear this made a specific ground of public complaint.

There is one great fact underlying the whole Trust problem, to which Mr. Montagu does not to our mind pay sufficient attention. It is that, in spite of nearly fifteen years of legislative attacks, including the passage by Congress of a most stringent criminal statute, under which victories have been obtained in the courts, the process of combination and consolidation goes on practically unchecked, until at the present moment nearly all the great industries of the country are aggregations of smaller industries, as all the railroad systems are aggregations of smaller systems. We may go further than this, and say that much of the restrictive legislation has only hastened the process. It was directly owing to the trans-Missouri decision of the Supreme Court declaring rate contracts between railways illegal, whether reasonable or not, that consolidation was substituted for the previous régime, and the only probable result of the Northern Securities case is that the Northern Pacific Railroad will either remain part of the present system or be diverted to a new alliance.

It cannot be said that Mr. Montagu, or those from whom he derives the information summarized here, has shown any way by which large combinations of capital can be prevented; and indeed, so far from preventing them, a large part of our legislative machinery is steadily at work fostering them. Corporations generally derive their powers from the Legislature of a State, and many States have for years done all they could to induce capital to take out charters of any kind that suited the fancy of the promoters of the enterprise, and this at the very time when other States and the Federal Government were aiming criminal statutes at Trusts. Mr. Montagu points out that the old theory of charter-granting was that the State carefully considered and restricted the powers granted with a view to the public interests; but the modern practice is to pass a general statute enabling any persons to incorporate themselves for any purposes agreed upon—even to the extent of doing all that a natural person could do *ad hoc*. So far as supervision over the scope or utility of the corporation goes, there is little or none. "Over-capitalization," for instance, was one of the things that the State tried to guard against, by compelling the corporation to show money, or money's worth, received for every dollar of its stock. The law has just been repealed, or weakened, in Massachusetts, partly owing to a belief that the State, through the rigidity of its requirement, kept taxable capital out of its borders. The great promoters of Trusts are State Legislatures, and the occasional prosecution of a Trust by the Attorney-General has very little deterrent effect.

Discrimination by railroads and unscrupulous promotion no doubt help on the Trusts, but they should be carefully distinguished from other causes, for no one disputes that they are within the reach of the criminal law. If the authorities had prosecuted some of those concerned in the recent Shipbuilding bubble, there is no saying that some American Whitaker Wright might not now be serving out a sentence at Sing-Sing, with excellent deterrent effect.

The Oil Fields of Russia, and the Russian Petroleum Industry: A Practical Handbook on the Exploration, Exploitation, and Management of Russian Oil Properties, including Notes on the Origin of Petroleum in Russia, a Description of the Theory and Practice of Liquid Fuel, and a Translation of the Rules and Regulations concerning Russian Oil Properties. By A. Beeby Thompson, A.M.I. Mech.E., late Chief Engineer and Manager of the European Petroleum Company's Russian Oil Properties. With numerous illustrations and photographic plates and a map. D. Van Nostrand Co.

Mr. Thompson has been at the pains of preparing a quarto volume of 400 pages, with ninety-three illustrations, many of them photographs, giving all the facts worth knowing concerning the oil fields of Russia. The specially notable fields are all situated upon the Apsheron Peninsula, which juts into the Caspian Sea just east of Baku. Here, for many centuries, a continuous flame of burning gas had been maintained by the Parsees, whither pilgrims have continued to come up to recent years from as far away as India. But the great development of the commercial interests has now rendered the location of the temple undesirable, having transformed the region into one of the busiest centres of activity to be found anywhere in the world.

The concentration of the oil interests in Russia is astonishing. The total area of the oil fields from which most of the oil is obtained is scarcely larger than that of an ordinary township in the United States; and yet for the last ten years this field has produced more oil than the whole United States; and the annual rate of increase in production, until the discoveries in Texas within the last two or three years, has been greater than in the United States. According to the report of 1901, the Russian yield was 85,000,000 barrels, whereas that of the United States was but 69,000,000 barrels. But in Russia the crude oil is much more in use for fuel than in the United States, so that we lead the world in the production of refined oil.

It is somewhat humiliating to our pride to find that in many respects Russia has been a pioneer in devising the most economical methods of production and distribution. She was the first to ship oil in steamers in bulk, by which means it is distributed at least cost throughout the vast areas of Russia which are penetrated by river navigation. At first it would seem that the Russians are behind the times in their method of raising the oil from the wells, since they do this almost wholly by the baling process, instead of by pumps. But, on a study of the situation, it is seen that this process exactly meets the existing conditions. The oil mostly is found in soft sandstone, which readily disintegrates, so that a great quantity of sand comes up with the oil, and would speedily clog any pump that might be used. A considerable portion of the oil, however, is obtained by flowing wells, which are in some cases of enormous extent. A single Baku fountain occasionally yields as much oil as the whole outfit of 25,000 petroleum wells in America. The pressure in the wells may reach as much as 515 pounds to the square inch. In 1901 a fountain well was opened which yielded 4,000,000 gallons a day for a considerable period, and was so uncontrollable that it spread disaster in every direction. The column of oil and sand rose to a height of several hundred feet, throwing the stones and oil in every direction, and causing a total cessation of work over most of the oil field.

"A changeable wind drove the oil alternately to different parts of the field, deluging miles of land, and blackening and damaging every building within its reach. A stiff breeze drove the oil towards Baku, and almost every house in Baieloff, a suburb of Baku, was blackened and soaked with petroleum, including the Russian church, public buildings, and private residences. Oil spray was falling over Baku, three miles away, and sheets of note paper exposed to the air near the railway station at almost five miles distance were spotted with oil particles. The ships in the harbor did not escape, and the gunboats of the Caspian fleet, which are painted white, were blackened and made unrecognizable by the drifting oil spray. Although some 60,000,000 gallons of oil were secured, the high duty payable to the Government, and the enormous demands for compensation from persons who suffered damage—for practically the whole of the village of Baieloff had to be cleaned and the houses repainted—left but little surplus for profit."

Another well in the district flowed incessantly for years, producing in all 240,000,000 gallons of oil. With such a record for this area in the vicinity of Baku, great hopes are entertained of striking other accumulations equally productive over the wide areas of Trans-Caucasia and Turkestan, where indications of oil have been found, but as yet with only trifling results.

William Greenleaf Eliot, Minister, Educator, Philanthropist. By Charlotte C. Eliot. With an introduction by James K. Hosmer, Ph.D., LL.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

So great was Dr. Eliot's local reputation, and so affectionate the reverence with which he was regarded by his family and friends, that it is a strange thing that his biography should not appear till now, seventeen years after his death. Few biographies have been written in the meantime of more deserving men. No attempt is made to connect the book with the St. Louis Exposition, but certainly its appearance at this time, if a mere coincidence, is a very happy one, seeing that Dr. Eliot was identified with the growth and progress of St. Louis to a remarkable degree, and, if not the first citizen of the city, was one whose honorable services few could match. New England born, the traditions of the New England pulpit were in his heart and brain, and his St. Louis ministry was that of an early Puritan minister, writ large, so completely

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did he interfuse the life of the community with his public spirit, so plastic were its fortunes and its institutions to his hands.

Born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1811, a younger brother of Thomas D. Eliot, whose Congressional career was highly creditable, his college education was in Washington, where his father was chief examiner in the Postal Department. It was as a clerk in this department that young Eliot got his first inkling of St. Louis, whence the postmaster's returns came wrapped in a doeskin, with a copy of the *Republican* containing the dead-letter list. Reading the paper, the boy resolved that if he ever went West he would settle in St. Louis. This was in 1831, and the next year he entered the Harvard Divinity School, graduating in 1833. Among his schoolmates were James Freeman Clarke, William Henry Channing, Samuel May, and Theodore Parker, and Clarke became his lifelong friend. It was Clarke's missionary work in Louisville, Ky., that set Eliot's face towards St. Louis. He arrived there in 1834, when the town was a scrawny frontier settlement. He remained there until his death; until 1873 the minister of the Unitarian Society, for the remainder of his life the Chancellor of Washington University. As a parish minister he was as faithful and laborious as if he had nothing else to do; as a social and civic reformer he was as active and efficient as if his avocations were his only care. Clearly, however, it was his ministerial vocation that was the foundation of his wider usefulness. In the discharge of that, he grappled to himself the men on whom he could rely in any work of educational or humanitarian reform.

Mrs. Eliot's topical arrangement of her matter, taking us over the same years repeatedly in a succession of chapters, is rather confusing, but is, perhaps, the best arrangement possible. The first of these chapters, following one upon the earlier course of Dr. Eliot's ministry, has for its subject public school education. He did not become a member of the School Board until 1848, but very soon his colleagues "knew the difference." Not even the cholera of 1849 slackened the energy of his successful push for a one-tenth per cent. city tax for public schools. Personal acquaintance with the schools was conceived as a part of his duty which he might not neglect. His character had no sectarian taints. When Roman Catholics complained that a Protestant version of the Bible was used in the schools, he moved and carried a resolution that all versions be excluded.

The year 1849 was a terrible one for St. Louis. It was a year of cholera by which the city was literally decimated, a year of flood and fire. In the thick of the cholera epidemic Dr. Eliot confirmed the judgment of Napoleon, that a man who is superior to fear is superior to the plague; his devotion to the sick, the dying, and the dead was of no different quality from Father Damien's with his leprous islanders.

The crown of Dr. Eliot's educational enterprise was his influential and preëminent part in the foundation and development of Washington University. In its inchoate stage it was called Eliot Seminary, and, but for Dr. Eliot's protest, the developed institution would have borne his name. His money gifts to it of more than $100,000 were the smaller part of his contribution. It would be interesting to know how he acquired the means for such beneficence. It was said of him that, if he had devoted himself to business, he would have owned nearly everything west of the Mississippi. The two chapters assigned to his connection with the University are not a line too much. The big name troubled him at first, but he resolved to make the little school a real university, and lived to "see what he foresaw."

There are four chapters corresponding to Dr. Eliot's engagement with anti-slavery and related problems and affairs. He was not one of those whom Samuel J. May included in his list of Unitarian ministers faithful in the time of trial. But if he was not an abolitionist, he was certainly an anti-slavery minister and citizen. In an Eastern parish he would probably have been as abolitionist as the Mays and Clarke and Theodore Parker. He resented the charge of cowardice, and contended that it cost him more to take his line in St. Louis than it would to be an abolitionist preacher in New England—a doubtful proposition. But hardly can it be doubted that his conscientious conservatism gave him a moral leverage in Missouri which a more uncompromising spirit would have annulled. It was the habit of his ministry to arraign slavery in his pulpit; he was an eager advocate of gradual emancipation; he denounced the Fugitive Slave Bill as a statute that should not be obeyed. If two or three times he was actually a slave-owner, it was only to the end that he might break the bonds he held in his own hands. He wrote the life of Archer Alexander, a slave to whose welfare he devoted himself with impassioned interest. It is important, in view of the criticisms, now more current than ever, on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' that Dr. Eliot declares it contained nothing which he could not parallel in Missouri, where slavery existed in its milder form.

When the war had actually begun, Dr. Eliot's trumpet gave no uncertain sound. A single sermon diminished his congregation by one-fourth, who, going out, did not return. In constant correspondence with the authorities at Washington, his letters bearing upon the condition of Missouri, the military status of the negro, emancipation, the Western Sanitary Commission, were remarkable for their sobriety and weight, and for the influence which they exerted. During the war Dr. Eliot's position was more advanced than that of his Republican friends. For example, he applauded Frémont's famous order, and saw in it "the beginning of the end." Of the Western Sanitary Commission he was the inspiring soul. In reconstruction problems, especially as affecting the negro, his interest was unwearying. Early in Hayes's Administration he went to Louisiana, and wrote to the President of the Republican domination there in terms of elaborate condemnation. But he failed to see that the enfranchisement of the negro was a horn on which the North could not but impale itself, let come of it what might.

A good chapter is devoted to Dr. Eliot's work upon various lines of social reform, and a concluding one to his sermons and other writings. It is surprising, in view of his average temper, to find him advocating woman suffrage, but the ground is characteristic—"not as a privilege or concession of a right, but as a duty to be imposed." In his theology Dr. Eliot was one of the most conservative of Unitarians, and should have the credit, or discredit, which he does not here receive, of being principally efficient in saddling the National Unitarian Conference with a short but worrying creed, under which it chafed for nearly thirty years. It is interesting and pathetic that this fountain of personal energy was subject to depressing physical conditions, that this fiery soul was lodged in a body singularly frail. It is a daughter-in-law who makes the book, and she has made it excellently well, with no excess of praise; for the most part leaving the unvarnished fact to go for just what it is worth.

Geology. Vol. I.: Processes and their Results. By Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury. (American Science Series. Advanced Course.) Henry Holt & Co.

The high standing of the authors, both as investigators and as teachers, gave assurance, when this work was announced some months ago, that it would be not only accurate and modern in its subject-matter, but thoroughly scientific from a pedagogical standpoint. Anticipation has not outrun realization. Volume I., of 654 pages, deals with geologic processes, and includes not only a study of the forces and processes now in operation, with their results, but also a consideration of the principles governing geologic agencies. It will be followed shortly by Volume II., in which the history of past geologic ages will be outlined. Here the chief topics are: the atmosphere as a geologic agent; the work of running water; the work of ground water; the work of snow and ice; the work of the ocean; the origin and descent of rocks; structural geology; the movements and deformations of the earth's body; the extrusive processes, and the geologic functions of life.

A central feature of the treatment is the effort to keep clearly before the mind of the student the difference between statements of fact and established doctrines, on the one hand, and the less well-founded interpretations based on hypotheses, upon the other. This is particularly the case in the discussion of some prevalent theories which in reality depend upon unverified hypotheses, although the unstable character of their foundations is often overlooked by students and investigators alike. Furthermore, alternative or multiple hypotheses are frequently presented, in accordance with the well-known principle that an investigator is bound to frame and consider not one only, but as many hypotheses as will explain the known facts, and to test each of them fairly in the light of further investigation. In no chapter is this phase of the treatment better illustrated than in that on "The Movements and Deformations of the Earth's Body," regarding which all current theories are based largely upon unverified assumptions. This is not saying that these theories are worthless, for, in fact, they are of great value to the student and investigator so long as the limitation of established fact is clearly recognized. When that is overlooked, as is sometimes the case in text-books, the theories become dangerous pitfalls for the unwary student.

It must be admitted that this mode of treatment has its difficulties on the pedagogical side. It is much easier for the student to grasp one hypothesis rather than

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many, to accept one doctrine as established rather than several hypotheses as possible; and there is danger lest even the advanced student turn from the subject with a feeling that the indefiniteness regarding these few topics permeates the entire science, and that positive knowledge can never be obtained. On the other hand, it is essential that a student, even in the beginning, should learn to recognize the limitations of a subject, to discriminate between fact and hypothesis, and to cultivate the critical habit of mind which examines and tests in order to prove or disprove. In our opinion, the advantages of this method far outweigh the disadvantages, particularly when, as in this book, there is no lack of clear, unequivocal statements of demonstrated facts; and the authors are to be commended for the painstaking care with which they have carried out their plan.

Not only is the work to some extent new in its method of treatment, but it is fully abreast of the latest research, as is shown particularly by the discussion of the classification of igneous rocks, the genesis of ore deposits, and those phases of the science on the border-land of geology and physico-chemistry in which there has been such marked progress in recent years.

The illustrations are abundant, wisely chosen, and well executed, and are accompanied by brief explanatory titles. For the most part they are clear half-tones. The presence of small topographical maps engraved in colors and chosen to represent typical areas is a unique and valuable feature of the illustrations.

While the work is intended primarily as a text-book for college students, and will probably be used chiefly as such, nevertheless its readable style, the arrangement of themes, the emphasis laid upon the commoner geologic agents whose activities are so widespread, and the elaboration of the opening chapters, cannot fail to commend the book to any who may be interested in reading the story of the earth. Volume I. has met a real need in college text-books, and Volume II. will be eagerly awaited.

Gerald the Welshman. By M. Henry Owen, D.C.L. London: David Nutt.

The subject of this interesting study is, of course, none other than our old friend Giraldus Cambrensis. Few Britons of any age have possessed more strongly marked characteristics than this spirited and witty son of Pembroke. Born to be a partisan, he fought his way through broils, private and public, during the reigns of the first three Plantagenets, and part way into the reign of the fourth. Among his contemporaries, Walter Map and John of Salisbury may have been more learned and more trustworthy, but, throughout the whole Angevin Empire, no subject of Henry II. held stronger views or was more pronounced in the expression of them than Gerald of Wales. Apart from his enmity towards monks and his dislike of papal aggression, his antagonisms were largely personal, but in his fight for the See of St. David's he at least filled a great part in the life of the Principality. "Many and great wars," said the Prince of Powys, "have we Welshmen waged with England, but none so great and fierce as his who fought the king and the archbishop, and withstood the might of the whole clergy and people of England, for the honor of Wales."

Gerald, however, won his European reputation through letters rather than through politics. This essay of Mr. Owen, though partly biographical, is chiefly critical. The author, who is also the historian of Pembrokeshire, has a natural claim upon Gerald by right of eminent domain, but he brings to the 'Gemma Ecclesiastica' and the 'Libellus Invectionum' tastes which are broader than those of the mere antiquary. Here and there a statement is open to objection. For example, it is said of *Laudabiliter*, "The bull of Alexander has been doubted by Dr. Lynch and others, but it is now allowed to be genuine." Such a sentence as this shows that Mr. Owen is not quite abreast of the latest investigation. There are two separate questions—the Pope's grant of Ireland, and the authenticity of the bull. Mr. Owen seems to think that they must stand or fall together, which, as has been pointed out by Mr. Round and Dr. Thatcher, is by no means an inevitable conclusion. But, for the text of Gerald's own writings, Mr. Owen is very satisfactory. Taking up the Archdeacon's chief works one by one, he shows an intimate familiarity with their contents and with the literature which throws most light upon them. The result is to heighten one's admiration for the best that there is in Gerald, and to beget a considerable degree of sympathy for his foibles. Even when we have allowed full weight to his vanity, garrulity, and carelessness, enough virtue remains to justify a favorable judgment:

"In his pure and noble life," says Mr. Owen, "his hatred of tyranny in every form; his love of nature, his wit and humor, his earnest striving after reform, his indefatigable industry, his chivalrous courage, and his wonderful learning, the figure of the great Welsh Archdeacon stands out across seven centuries, towering above his fellows as he did in actual life."

This, perhaps, is going too far. Gerald of Wales was not an Abelard in genius or a St. Bernard in force; but it is something to rank among the remarkable men of a remarkable century.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Boulger, Demetrius C. Belgian Life in Town and Country. (Our European Neighbors.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20 net.
Carlyle's Cromwell. Edited by S. C. Lomas. Introduction by C. H. Firth. 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6.
Chambers, Robert W. In Search of the Unknown. Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Ford, Sheridan. The Larger Life. (Verse.) George E. Croscup & Co.
Hall, G. Stanley. Adolescence: Its Psychology. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. $7.50 net; postage, 42 cents.
Harper, Henry H. Book-Lovers, Bibliomaniacs, and Book Clubs. Published in Boston by the Author. $3.75.
Heath's Modern Language Series. Pole Poppenspäler, by Theodor Storm, with introduction by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt; and Das Gymnasium zu Stolpenburg, by Hans Hoffmann, with introduction by Valentine Buehner. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Hind, C. Lewis. Adventures among Pictures. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Home, Gordon. Yorkshire Coast and Moorland Scenes. London: Adam and Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co.
Hunter, A. Mitchell. Daniel and the Age of the Exile. (Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 30 cents.
Jobson, Richard. The Golden Trade. Reprinted from the edition of 1623. Edited by Charles G. Kingsley. (The Mary Kingsley Travel Books.)
Landor, A. H. Savage. The Gems of the East. (The Philippines.) Harper & Brothers. $4 net.
Lévy, Albert. Stirner et Nietzsche. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition. 3 fr.
Luquet, G.-H. Aristote et l'Université de Paris pendant le XIIIe Siècle. (Bibliothèque de l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes. Sciences Religieuses.) Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Meyer's Grosses Konversations-Lexikon. Vol. VI. Erdeessen bis Franzén. Leipzig and Vienna: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Molinari, G. The Society of To-morrow. Translated from the French by P. H. Lee Warner. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Münsterberg, Hugo. Die Amerikaner. Vol. I.: Das politische und wirtschaftliche Leben. Berlin: Ernst Siegfried Mittler und Sohn; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Nuttall, George H. F. Blood Immunity and Blood Relationship. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co.
O'Farrelly, Agnes. The O'Growney Memorial Volume. London: David Nutt. Paper, 5s.; cloth, 7s. 6d.
Pratt, Edwin A. The Organization of Agriculture. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.
Radford, Maude L. King Arthur and his Knights. (A reading-book.) Rand, McNally & Co.
Reddaway, W. F. Frederick the Great, and the Rise of Prussia. (Heroes of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
Reich, Emil. Success among Nations. Harper & Brothers. $2 net.
Renouvier, Charles. Les Derniers Entretiens. Recueillis par Louis Prat. Paris: Armand Colin. 2 fr. 50c.
Rice, Cale Young. David: A Tragedy. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Rutherford, E. Radio-Activity. (Cambridge Physical Series.) Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Shakspere's Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello, Tempest, Twelfth Night, and Midsummer-Night's Dream. 6 books. Edited by William J. Rolfe. American Book Co.
The Last Days of Theodoric the Ostrogoth, and Other Verses. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 3s. 6d.
Watkins, Oscar D. The Divine Providence. London: Rivingtons. 3s. 6d.
Woodward, William Harrison. Desiderius Erasmus concerning the Aim and Method of Education. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 4s. net.

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